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The Digest

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

incorporating The Literary Digest

SEPT. 4, 1937

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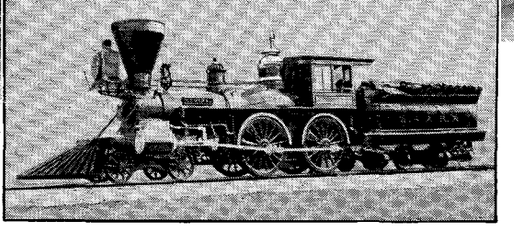
The big fellow helps us all

Pictured here is a famous engine of seventy years ago. When freight depended on such motive power, rates were three times as high and wages were only a fraction of what they are today.



HERE you see one of the most modern freight locomotives used by American railroads.

It develops 6,500 horsepower. It can haul freight 70 miles an hour. It can highball a string of loaded box cars more than a mile long.

That the railroads are using such mighty engines is a good thing for everyone.

Take shippers, for instance. Costs, and therefore rates, are directly affected by the number of cars which modern locomotives can pull. If trains were as short as they were thirty-six years ago it would add more than three quarters of a billion dollars to the annual freight cost, based on 1936 traffic.

Or take wages. The railroads' ability to meet present-day pay rolls depends on low cost operation—and the length of the modern freight trains largely determines such costs.

Or take safety. Longer trains reduce the chance of grade crossing accidents and collisions, because the more trains you have on a track, the more chance of accidents. As a federal court recently said, "The frequency of train and train-service accidents is directly related to the number of train units operated."

Everyone knows the great safety record of the railroads today. And during the period from 1923 to 1936, when the length and speed of trains showed a striking increase, the frequency of train accidents of all sorts decreased 58.5 per cent, and head-on and rear-end collisions decreased 64 per cent.

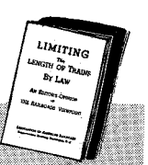
Here in plain terms is the great story of how the railroads keep abreast of the times.

American railroad rates are the lowest in the world; American railroad wages the highest.

For that, give a good part of the credit to the "big fellow" and the long modern trains he pulls.

Since 1923, the railroads have spent more than eight billion dollars in improvements, much of it to provide more powerful locomotives, larger and stronger cars, strengthened track and bridge structures, and reduced grades and curves that make possible modern methods of railroad operation including the running of longer, heavier and faster trains.

Here's a book that tells a story of interest to agriculture, industry, commerce and the average American. For your copy, write Association of American Railroads, Transportation Building, Washington, D. C.



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The Digest

Review of Reviews incorporating The Literary Digest

ALBERT SHAW, EDITOR
Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher

SEPTEMBER 4, 1937

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Vol. 1 No. 8

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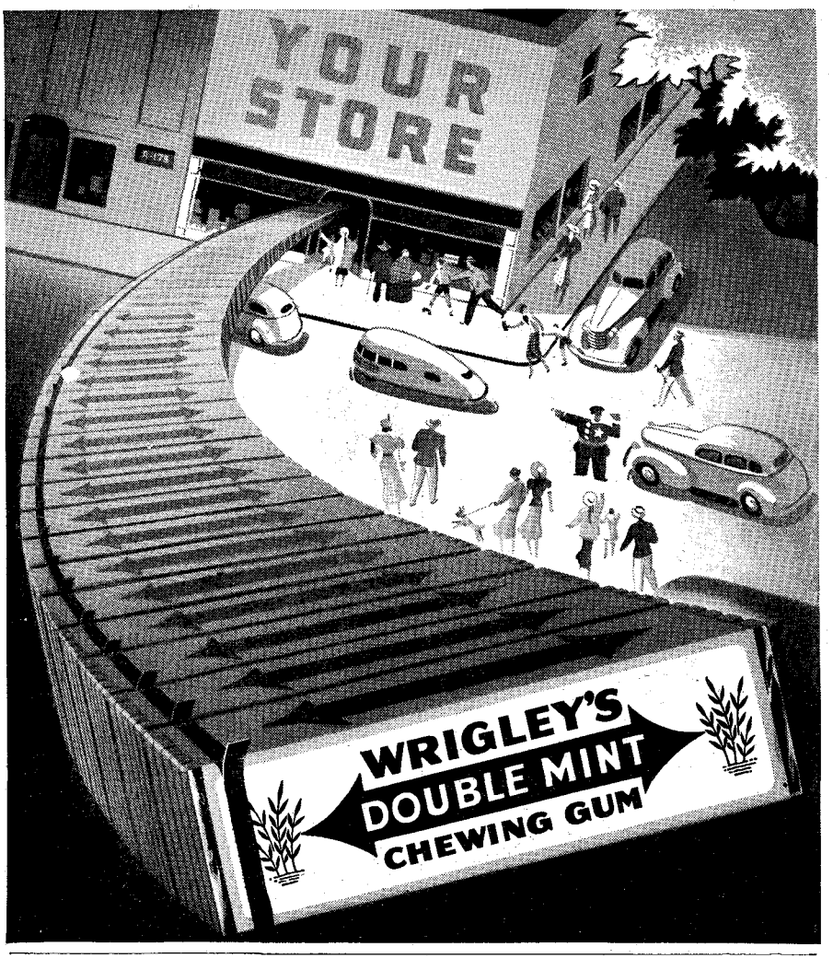

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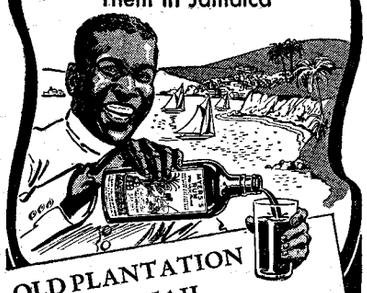

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Diplomatic protest

Washington, D. C.—I am the diplomatic representative of the government of El Salvador in the United States, and I have read with a sincere feeling of protest the article entitled "Pocket Caesar," which the *Literary Digest* published against my government in its edition of June 19.

The bitter enmity toward foreign creditors which the author of the attack attributes to the people of El Salvador will prove untrue if proper recognition is given to the fact that El Salvador is one of the very few nations that are paying the service of their foreign debts, which in the case of my country was done during several years of the economic depression of the world, and has continued to be done after arriving at a just agreement with ninety-four per cent of the bondholders. It is true that we do no longer pay interest at the rate of seven and even eight per cent.

The recognition of Manchukuo is an act of a free nation, which follows its own policies.

The writer of the article had to confess that the actual president of El Salvador is now "legally elected," although he immediately adds the comment that after the election "General Martinez's grasp on the country became iron-clad." And he still remarks that "he pursued communists and rebel officers relentlessly and announced grandiose reforms that emulated even communism's Utopian schemes."

Now, supposing that all these reforms are such as the writer pretends, the question is ready: In what way do all these schemes surpass the dreams of communism? I could not think of any consistent answer that might be given to this question. It should be pointed out that in every country the need of changing the conditions of labor and also the way in which some vital industries conduct their operations has made it necessary to introduce changes in legislation which do not in any way undermine the right to property legally acquired. We may simply say that El Salvador has not been an exception to this rule.—*Hector David Castro*

Brickbats?

Jersey City, N. J.—My reaction to the new combine is quite favorable. I like the present "make-up" of the magazine, especially the short biographical accounts of great world figures such as Sir Oswald Mosley.

I have just one fault to find with your policy and that is your ever-increasing derogatory remarks against the so-called fascist nations and their leaders. I believe that a magazine purporting to be impartial such as yours, should give something more than brickbats to that section of your readers which is not communist.—*H. Heitmann*

Or economic dust?

New York, N. Y.—The poverty of your attempt to be a mere fascist propaganda medium and your vain attempt to throw economic dust in the eyes of the public you have to depend on for circulation is happily demonstrated by your slob-sheet.

You are backing a "horse" that has just about run for its last days—a defunct economic system which we hate and despise.—*Mrs. John McNair*

Read America first

Mena, Ark.—I like every department in your new DIGEST, but most the Story of the Week, Foreign Affairs, Business People, Pro and Con, and Spice of Life.

Perhaps you have never made the mistake, but don't keep your mind too close to New York and the little circle of eastern states. I presume you have much circulation all over. Instead of going to Europe, if the thought had struck you, spend the same amount making a circle deep into the states. Us folks out here would be glad to read once in a while something about us, written as though you understood us.

Oklahoma Indians mostly ride in pretty good cars now, and Arkansas folks really wear shoes, but every once in a while I notice some northern or eastern editor seems surprised to learn it.—*G. C. Konkler*

'Success' formula

E. Falls Church, Va.—The style in which the "Story of a Week" as well as other parts of the DIGEST is written is one now widely used. When well handled, this style is not objectionable and, no doubt, has a popular appeal of a sort. However, to "get by" it must be very well handled. As used in the DIGEST it is a bit insipid.

And, at that, it may not be the literary style so much as it is the subject matter. The day of the magazine—weekly as well as monthly—that gives little more than a "rehash" of the news everyone reads in the daily papers is about over. Something more is required—something in the way of really high class comment on the significance of this news. Everyone, for

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instance, knows that "Labor's family row" is raging on. The battle is a matter of daily comment in every newspaper. But, there is a vital difference between news as a recital of facts and news so presented that its inner and even its secret meanings are made clear. Any magazine that can supply interesting and accurate comments of this sort will prosper.—*J. L. Harrison.*

Direct hit

Washington, D. C.—The statement is made in your August 7 issue that at Kings Mountain, in 1780, British irregulars had brand-new Ferguson breech-loading rifles firing four shots per minute.

While it is correct that the Ferguson rifle in tests did fire four shots per minute, this speed of fire was never maintained in field service. And further, very few of the 1200 British troops in the battle were equipped with the Ferguson rifle, which was purely an experimental weapon and never adopted by the British Government.

The 3000 American militia were equipped with Kentucky rifles, admitted to be the most deadly weapon of those times. The rate of fire was not one shot in fifteen minutes, but one shot per minute, or even less. A good rifleman was able to load and fire his piece in from 30 to 45 seconds.

The last statement, that the British were virtually annihilated by the Americans, is certainly not borne out by the records of the battle. Of the 1200 British troops, some 400 were killed or wounded, while the 3000 Americans suffered casualties of about 100.—*Carroll E. B. Peeke*

Judge and jury

Elmira, N. Y.—In publishing both sides of the argument in regard to the Court-packing bill, you neglected the real gist of the matter. The fact is that our federal government is one of limited powers; and since Congress is one of the bodies whose powers are limited by the Constitution, the government cannot be the judge of its own constitutional limitations. It cannot sit as both judge and jury on the question of its own constitutional transgression.

Therefore, there must be some independent body to do the judging. Just as an umpire is necessary to apply and enforce the rules of the game of baseball, so is an umpire necessary to interpret and apply the rules of the game of government; and the Constitution has made the Supreme Court an umpire between the people and its servant, the government.

When the Supreme Court holds an act to be unconstitutional, it simply holds that Congress is doing something which it has no authority to do at all. That being the case, how can the Congress validate that act by passing it a second time by a two-thirds, or even by a unanimous vote? To allow Congress to do that would be the same as doing away with the Constitutional limits altogether, and making Congress supreme over the lives and activities of the American people. The Congress then will be the master and the people will become the servants, for parliamentary despotism is no better than executive despotism.

I want to take this opportunity to compliment you on some of the excellent features of the DIGEST, which I know you will keep on improving.—*Richard Marlowe*

On the record

Tempe, Arizona—Out of the hundreds of news magazines on the market there are less than five that I consider honest, fair and unbiased. Yours is one.

I like the various departments segregating the news. But, I did not like the tone and implication of the editorial under the heading of "Progress" in your second issue. "The Supreme Court, holding steadfastly to its course . . . . At no time in its history has the Court been more efficient; or better entitled to the support of those elements of the population capable of understanding the nature of the pending controversy." How about over one thousand cases appearing before the Supreme Court and it dismissed over seven hundred, reviewed only two hundred and actually went into only 128 cases? If that is efficiency, then God help us.

What I object to is the false implication that the Court is as nearly perfect as is humanly possible. That is all tommy-rot and you know it. You cannot pull the wool over the eyes of the students and readers in America like that.—*James M. Dudley.*

S. O. S.

Dixon, Illinois—I am writing to you for advice and guidance, not alone for myself, but for thousands, maybe millions of others. As you know, Townsend Clubs have been formed all over the United States by old people, and people who are unable to work, and who have been looking forward to a more secure future. Many thousands of dollars have been forwarded to "headquarters," to help in securing the fulfillment of this plan.

The leaders of this plan have disagreed, and each one is sending the clubs his version of the situation.

I wonder if you realize how much this issue or its failure means to thousands or millions of old people. I, as secretary of one of the clubs, am in a position to know the hopes and fears of a large number of these people; and I feel that it is high time we knew some of the truth.

It of course does no good to ask at any of the "headquarters," as we receive only the same answers. So, will you please endeavor to set us right, not only here in Dixon, but throughout the nation, for your paper is not afraid to tell the truth. —*Mabel Nagel.*

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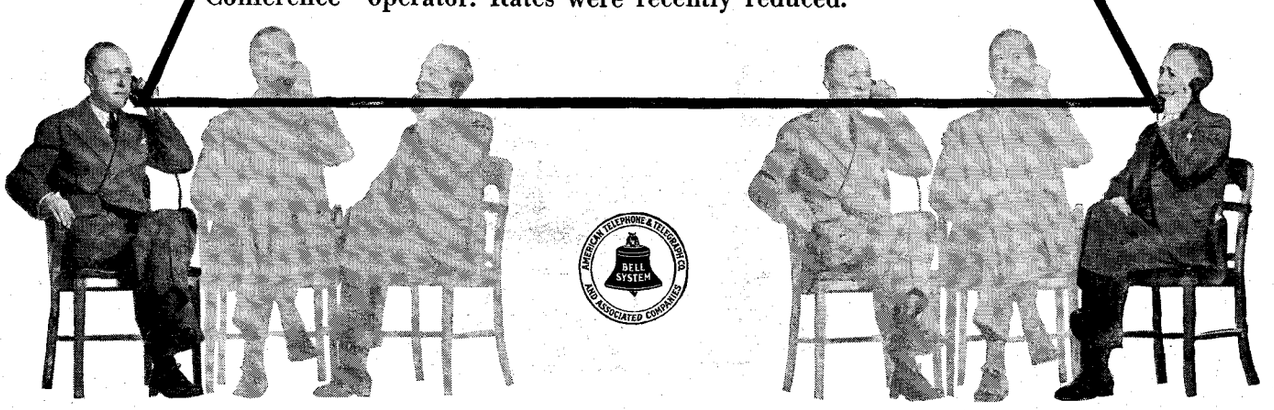

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The Digest

STORY OF A WEEK

ALL AROUND us people of consequence march to epochal objectives: statesmen, business men, infantrymen, as the case may be. To read of the deeds of these, the purposeful and distinguished, is forever fascinating. Yet in the midst of the furore about them, the heart of the average man occasionally goes out at a tangent to the lesser people who achieve press notices and brief fame, not because they strive momentously or achieve greatly, but because they stumble, err, forget, or confuse things.

We refer, for example, to that elderly woman of Evansville, Indiana, who cast a vote for Major Bowes believing that if she did so she would be entitled to a pension.

We refer to that Brooklyn mother-in-law who, visiting her daughter and son-in-law, cooked them a batch of well-browned, luscious-looking pancakes, set them happily on the table, and learned before she and they left the hospital that she had used plaster-of-paris instead of flour.

We refer, finally and particularly, to that young Washington attorney who put in two years of his spare time fixing up a farm under the impression that he had bought it, only to discover that it belonged to someone else and that his own property lay down the road a bit.

How like the rest of us such people are, and therefore how endearing.

Thirty-seven billions

"THE United States Treasury borrowed a little more from the banks yesterday," said a New York *Times* editorial one day last week, "and the consequence is that for the first time in this country's history the national debt has crossed the thirty-seven-billion-dollar mark. For most of us this is like reading that Finsler's comet was within fifty-six million miles of the earth a fortnight ago before it curved out again into space. Figures like these are too large to be easily comprehensible. But what can be more readily understood, in the case of the national debt, is that it has doubled in the last six years; that the per capita debt is now nearly twenty-five times as large as it was in the year before the war, and that the cost of carrying this debt imposes a charge on every salaried person and every wage-earner in the country, either through direct taxation, through one or another of a dozen different kinds of indirect taxation, or through an increase in the cost of living."

Happy Democrats

HAPPINESS is the thing that matters to a political party, in the opinion of Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture. To the Young Democrats of America, assembled in happy convention at Indianapolis, the Secretary eulogized President Roosevelt's "spirit of joy." If the Democratic party ever loses that spirit, he warned, "some happier party" will replace it in power.

INTERNATIONAL

PERFECT! declared the judges. But Charles Farrell, aged 1 year, of Roxbury, Mass., is a bit embarrassed

Yet, taking stock now that it has passed through a stormy session of Congress, the happy Democratic party does not find itself in a particularly happy situation. There are Westerners in revolt against the party leadership—Senators Wheeler of Montana, Burke of Nebraska, O'Mahoney of Wyoming—because they think it threatens the independence of the courts. There are Southerners in revolt against it—Senators Glass of Virginia, Byrnes of South Carolina, George of Georgia—because they think it threatens the industrial system of the South. There are Northerners in revolt against it—most of the leaders of Tammany Hall—because—well, because.

So Democratic happiness and Democratic harmony are apparently not synonymous. Somehow the situation suggests the warning by Gerhard Wagner, Medical Fuehrer of Germany, to members of the nazi Strength-Through-Joy group. He says that some German workers have to take rest cures when they return from Strength-Through-Joy steamship cruises, so run down are they, and worn out.

Congress—Thumbs down

NO ONE, probably, was more impressed by Franklin D. Roosevelt's whacking plurality at the polls last November than Franklin D. Roosevelt himself. With 27,752,309 out of 45,814,377 voters behind him, he felt he could ask much of Congress. He did; about as much as he had asked during the bleak "emergency" days of 1933. Five times between January 13 and June 4, 1937, he had Congress agog with sensational bills. Together these measures formed the foundation of a Second New Deal.

First on the list was the revamping of the executive department. This was to be done by (a) giving the President six "selfless," "anonymous" secretaries to act

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DIGEST PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL

FLAME-THROWER under test during preparations for Italy's war maneuvers in Sicily. Lower, light part is flame. With such weapons modern war is fought

as contact men between the White House and the various departments, (b) creating new Cabinet posts for social welfare and the Government's public works program, (c) eliminating and combining bureaus, (d) extending civil service, (e) substituting an "auditor general" for the present Controller General.

Then came the jolting Court bill providing for new appointees to the Supreme Court—one for every justice over 70—and new appointees to the lower federal courts on the same basis.

Third was the "ever-normal granary," as embodied in a farm program designed by Henry Wallace and okayed at the White House. This was to include production control, as under AAA, and commodity loans; bounties for soil conservation; crop-yield insurance.

Next was the long-expected substitute for the NRA, the Black-Connery wages-and-hours bill. It established a five-man Labor Standards Board with power to decree minimum wages and maximum hours of work, industry by industry, locality by locality. It prohibited child labor and the use of strike-breakers and labor spies. It safeguarded collective bargaining.

Finally there came the expansion of the TVA program. The President called on Congress to set up seven regional planning agencies, modeled after TVA and spread out over the country from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific Northwest. They would attempt to prevent floods, conserve land, forestall droughts, and provide cheap power for the public.

Frequently the President told Congress that his great November victory was a national mandate to enact this program. Historians, therefore, may some day make much of the phenomenal fact that the first session of the Seventy-fifth Congress—rebellious, assertive, and torn by factional bickering—refused to enact any part of it.

Congress—Thumbs up

"A DO-NOTHING Congress," Republican leaders scoffingly labeled the session recently ended. But though the session was memorable for bills pigeonholed, rather than for bills passed, some important measures did skim through. Major items follow:

Housing: Senator Robert F. Wagner's bill established a "United States Housing Authority," under the Interior Department, to make loans to local public housing agencies for low-cost home-building and slum-clearance, and to subsidize low rents in such projects through annual contributions. No project is to cost more than $4,000 per family unit, or $1,000 per room ($1,250 per room in cities of more than 500,000 population). Only those whose income is five times the rental, or less, may live in the low-cost homes.

Relief: $1,500,000,000 was appropriated for use "in the discretion and under the direction of the President."

Neutrality: The shipment of arms, ammunition and implements of war to Rebels or Loyalists in Spain was forbidden. The Neutrality Act of 1935 was amended with the famous "cash-and-carry" provision, under which belligerents must pay cash and assume full responsibility for goods they buy in America. Civil War in any country was brought under the terms of the law.

Taxation: As the President requested, Congress passed a special law to plug loopholes in the present tax law through which big-income fry were eluding the Internal Revenue department.

Farm tenancy: Under the Bankhead-Jones Act $10,000,000 will be lent in the next year to tenant farmers and sharecroppers to help them buy their own farms. Another $10,000,000 will be used by the Department of Agriculture to buy and set aside tracts of submarginal land.

Judiciary: After suffocating Franklin Roosevelt's original "Court reform," Congress provided machinery to take constitutional questions to the high bench as soon as they pop up in lower courts, and to restrict the granting of injunctions. It also permitted Supreme Court justices to retire on full pay, subject to call by the Chief Justice for duty in the Circuit courts.

Miscellaneous items: A sugar control act placing quota restrictions on refined sugar imported from Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. The Guffey-Vinson Bituminous Coal Act creating a Bituminous Coal Commission with broad powers to regulate the industry. The Tydings-Miller bill (enacted in the form of a rider to a District of Columbia tax bill) legalizing price-fixing acts passed by 42 states.

To keep Congress on Capitol Hill eight months—the time it took to enact this program—Mr. Taxpayer must hand the Treasury a check for $12,000,000.

Ladies of the Capitol

"SHE HAS as good a heart and head as anybody!" boomed Bibb Graves, leather-lunged governor of Alabama, to reporters. He was referring to his distinguished-looking, 54-year-old wife, Dixie, whom he appointed to the United States Senate to fill the place vacated by Supreme Court Justice Black.

Congress was stampeding after adjournment last week, so that Dixie Graves had no chance to display her ability. She barely had time, indeed, to go officially

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on record as another recruit to the petticoat bloc that has held forth on Capitol Hill with steadily increasing importance since 1916. That year, Miss Jeannette Rankin, Montana Republican, found fame as the first woman to be elected to either branch of Congress.

Mrs. Rebecca L. Felton, of Georgia, was the first of four women Senators (including Mrs. Graves). In 1922 she went to Washington, by appointment, to fill a vacancy, but within two days had to turn the job over to a regularly elected male. Nine years later, Hattie W. Caraway of Arkansas, small, shy, and sad-eyed, was sworn in to succeed her dead husband. That she remained in office was largely the work of Huey Long, the Louisiana Kingfish, who stumped her own state for her in 1932 and thereby helped her to become the first and only woman to crash the Senate by election. Huey bluntly reminded her of this when she subsequently refused to vote his way. "Mr. Long," she shot back, frigidly, "I am the Senator from Arkansas." She was on friendly enough terms, however, with Rose McConnell Long, appointed to complete Huey's unexpired term after his assassination in 1935. When the session ended, Mrs. Long retired.

Women seem to have attained greater prominence in the House than in the Senate. Perhaps this is because the lower chamber has a rough-and-tumble atmosphere against which feminine gentility stands out like chromium trimmings on a Model T Ford. Mrs. Mary T. Norton, of New Jersey, for example, has been a highly respected M. C. since 1924; today she is chairman of the important Labor Committee. Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, elected from Massachusetts in 1925 to succeed her husband, is the only woman Republican in Congress. Proud of her ability as a cook, she is prouder of her reputation as one of the House's most articulate champions of high tariffs.

About twenty-five women, in all, have served in House and Senate. Only two have been Governors. The first, Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, was elected to succeed her husband as Governor of Wyoming in 1924. The other was the heavy, stern-visaged "Ma" Ferguson of Texas. In 1924 she ran successfully for Governor to "vindicate" her husband, James E. Ferguson, who had been impeached for misappropriation of funds. She won again in 1933 and might have been a candidate for reëlection but for a Texas prejudice against third terms.

Job army

WHILE weary Senators and Representatives packed their trunks, grabbed their hats, and rushed pell mell for Union Station last week, another weary band was just pulling into Washinton. In buses, trucks, and private cars an army of jobless descended on the capital to lobby for work. At its head, as usual, was the vigorous and eloquent David Lasser who, when he isn't guiding other affairs of the Workers' Alliance of America, spends his time planning relief marches on capitols.

Last February, WPA Administrator Harry L. Hopkins began cutting relief rolls to keep within the $1,500,000,000 relief budget established by Congress. There were then 2,145,562 men and women on WPA rolls. By August there were only 1,527,450 left on the rolls.

The Workers' Alliance, which claims a membership of 800,000 reliefers, protested. There were no jobs to be had in private industry, said Lasser. Lewis B. Schwellenbach, liberal from the State of Washington, introduced a resolution in the Senate declaring that only those should be dismissed from WPA projects who could find jobs elsewhere. When Congress ignored the resolution, Lasser organized his march—despite the imminent adjournment of Congress.

Last week the army encamped at the foot of Washington Monument, sang "Solidarity Forever," and made daily visits to WPA headquarters. Finally they received word from President Roosevelt that no more reliefers would be dismissed without cause.

Counting the unemployed

THE NUMBER of those on relief is known to a nicety; the number of those unemployed is anybody's guess. Ever since the crash of 1929, the central purpose of all laws, the central issue of all elections, the central objective of all officials has been to put the unemployed back to work. But not since 1929—not ever, in fact—has the number of the unemployed been ascertained. All estimates have been guesstimates.

Before April 1, however, under a measure shot through Congress before adjournment, the federal government will count heads. It will probably ask—not compel—the unemployed to appear at post-offices and other centers on a certain day to register and answer a few simple questions. One argument against a door-to-door canvass is that by the time the figures were collected they would become meaningless and useless. If the quick registration plan works, it will probably be repeated every three months.

Mystery at Washington

THAT CRACK columnist, Westbrook Pegler, who not only writes for the newspapers but reads them, wants to know what lies back of all the hinting and winking that is going on about the current clique of White House advisers. "There is a suggestion of plotting," he says, "of political imps with no responsibility tinkering with the form of government to the peril of our liberties . . . I am given to wonder what goes on."

Many another reader must share that wonder, for references to the clique have piled high in newspaper columns since the beginning of the year. Thus Walter Lippmann recently wrote of "the little group of bold and reckless men who have been setting the pace for the President."

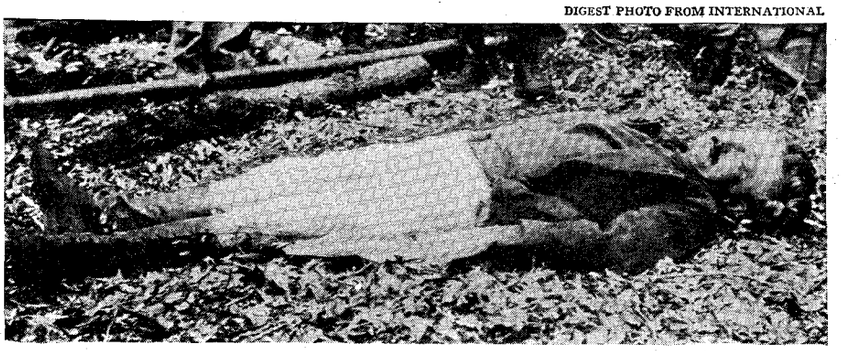
Thus Frank Kent referred to "the inner White House circle" who conceived a legislative program for Mr. Roosevelt which, "had it been enacted in anything like its entirety, unquestionably would have radically altered our governmental system, brought about great changes in the social and industrial life of the country, and centered really absolute power in the presidency."

Thus Hugh S. Johnson, contemplating the clique, broke into a rash of epithets—"Machiavellis," "odalisques," "houris," and "an incarnadined junta of self-styled intelligentsia," among others.

Thus Mark Sullivan noted that, for all his epithets, "the general doesn't name them," and added: "In Washington most of us know pretty well, or can make fair surmises about who the general means. I think I know who the general means, but I won't name them here."

All this innuendo leaves the public posing puzzled questions: Are there really direful shenanigans afoot among influential advisers at the White House? Have the direfulness and the influence both been grossly exaggerated? Or are foes of the Administration simply lashing a new batch of whipping boys?

DIGEST PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL



SUICIDE was the only way out, in the opinion of this French prospector, Gaston von Steck, who convinced the Panama government that he had found a $3,000,000 cache of gold ingots. Death ended his hoax

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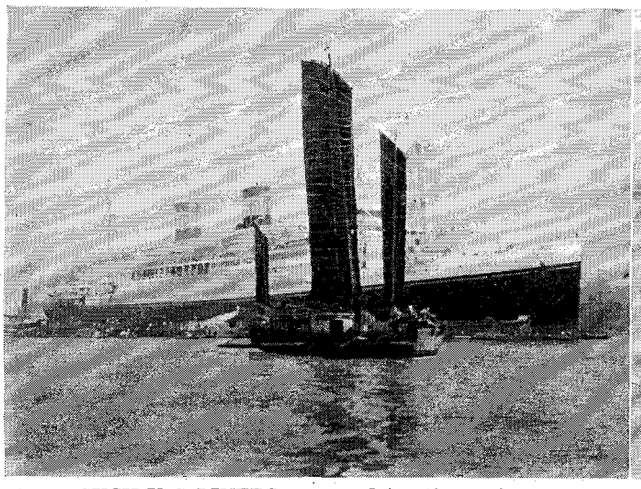
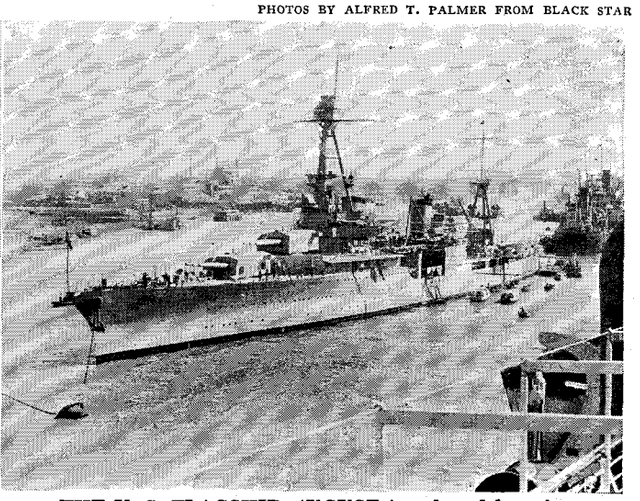
PHOTOS BY ALFRED T. PALMER FROM BLACK STAR



SUCH U. S. LINERS evacuated American refugees from war-torn Shanghai, where East meets West



THE U. S. FLAGSHIP *AUGUSTA* anchored here in Shanghai's "war ship lane" was hit at the stern

Sincere apologies

IN THE Digest, issue of August 21st, 1937, we referred to Governor Langer's conviction in connection with state relief administration in North Dakota. We omitted to add, however, that that conviction was subsequently reversed and that in a later trial Governor Langer was acquitted and completely exonerated. Full and sincere apologies to Governor Langer for our inadvertent omission.

Labor in politics

"WE MUST stand faithfully by our friends and defeat our enemies, whether they be candidates for President, for Congress, or for other offices," Samuel Gompers, the late A. F. of L. leader, used to say. Radicals stormed, but never during his iron-handed 38-year reign could they convince the shrewd little cigar-maker.

But John L. Lewis, labor's new organizing genius, has other ideas. In Atlantic City, last week, the A.F. of L.'s executive council resolved to investigate the political activities of Labor's Nonpartisan League, which Lewis directs and which worked for Roosevelt last fall.

To William Green, head of the A.F. of L., the League is John L.'s political thumb, and evidence supports this viewpoint. The League has announced that it will fight the candidacy of Senator A. Harry Moore, Democrat, for Governor of New Jersey, and try to unseat House Speaker William B. Bankhead of Alabama when he comes up for reëlection next year. Governor Martin Davey of Ohio is also blacklisted.

Whatever happens in 1938, Lewis may strike out boldly with a third party of his own in 1940. He hinted at this, the day before Congress adjourned, in a bitter denunciation of its Democratic members who torpedoed the President's legislative program. He challenged Democratic leaders to restore party discipline or confess that "their party is not the vehicle by which the people of the country may progress to a solution of their pressing social problems."

If Lewis decides to use his Nonpartisan League and his C.I.O. as bases of a third, or Labor, party, he will have many left-wing forces behind him. Last week, Socialist leaders in New York State asked him to "come out unequivocally for a national farm-labor party."

War in China

AVID journalists, tiring of the "eternalized" Spanish fracas, need a new blood-thrill. So there is now China-Japan. . . .

Fighting (which began August 9) continued last week in Shanghai; also at Nankow Pass, far to the northwest along the Mongolian-Manchurian-Chinese frontiers. Men were killed almost in the shadow of the Great Wall of China. By and large, Chinese defenders here and there got the best of things. The Japanese war-machine is a tricky, complicated mechanism; Celestial China is amorphous and can "take it."

DIGEST PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL

PATRIOTISM in Japan caused these two zealots to present to the War ministry flags dyed red with their own blood

At Shanghai a bomb or shell hit the U.S. cruiser *Augusta,* flagship of our Asiatic Fleet. It killed a 21-year-old Creole sailor (engaged to a pretty, 19-year-old Louisiana miss) and wounded 18 others. There was talk of releasing 7,000 male and female prisoners of all nationalities from the world's biggest jail in the International Settlement, then under fire. The "war" is unpopular with the Japanese masses, and is doubtless becoming so with Japanese soldiers, too, after rough handling by China's German-trained "Seeckt" and "Bauer" divisions.

The city of Shanghai (population, 3½ million) normally has four separate governments. The native section has a Chinese mayor. The French republic runs the southwestern French Concession. The polyglot International Settlement is run by its own international council. East of the Settlement is a Japanese sphere which contains the Japanese consulate, naval club, and Nippon-owned cotton mills—all run from Tokyo.

This Japanese section has become no-man's land in the fighting. So has most of the native quarter, especially Chapei, Hongkew, Pootung, north and east of Soochow Creek which flows through mid-city horizontally. North of Pootung lies the Whangpoo River. There Japanese warships bombarded as their troop transports unloaded.

Shanghai carnage

WITH ALL the color of a Hollywood script, but with all the cruel accuracy of a personal observer, Morris Harris of the Associated Press gives a shocked world a rapid-fire report of the "carnage" which resulted when a heavy projectile wrecked Shanghia's two largest

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department stores during mid-day on Monday of last week, killing at least 400 people and wounding more than 1,000. Harris' description of what befell these innocent non-combatants expresses the horror of modern warfare as no document or editorial can.

The projectile "struck with the speed of a meteor, smashing into a bewildered mass of humanity. It was as if a great shell had fallen at noon on a Fifth Avenue corner in New York, or State Street in Chicago. There could have been no time, no place in the Orient where the explosion could have done more havoc. The entire facade and one whole corner of the Sincere store was blown out. Behind me, the fronts of the Wing On store's two buildings seemed to fly out of their foundations, then crumble in a rain of litter. I was surrounded suddenly by death.

"I turned back into Wing On's to find it a shambles. The explosion had ripped through walls as if they had been tissue paper. Hundreds lay about, either dead, wounded or so dazed and white with shock that they appeared dead. Hundreds, crazed by fear, sought to escape from the wrecked building. Stairways and exits were choked. . . . Elevators were jammed wherever the blast caught them. In them I saw scores of dead and many grievously wounded, the latter fighting to escape. The elevators had become cages filled with animals in human form. . . . Most of the store's staff were lying about, dead, hurt or shell shocked. A few managers who had survived tried to control the crowds, but none heard them. It was a tide of humanity fighting in panic for life and tearing through any open space.

"Outside I found sections of the two towering stores hanging dizzily over the street. Balconies and railings sagged. Here and there bodies were draped on balustrades. The charred bodies of a Sikh and two Chinese policemen hung grotesquely from a twisted, swaying traffic tower. Scores of mortally wounded staggered blindly, insanely away from the ruin to collapse and die. They lay there until the police had gathered up those whose lives might be saved. Then they were carried away to mortuaries."

The Chinese dragon flies

THAT OVERLY-anxious Chinese airmen should bomb their own Shanghai population, killing thousands, is tragic, "unfortunate," but also revealing. For among grandstand generals the newly-acquired wings, which have turned the ancient Chinese dragon into a dragon-fly, are a center of interest. Censorship, mystery, and ignorance cloak China's air-force, but indications are that while this new air fleet is no magic carpet, neither is it an impish flea.

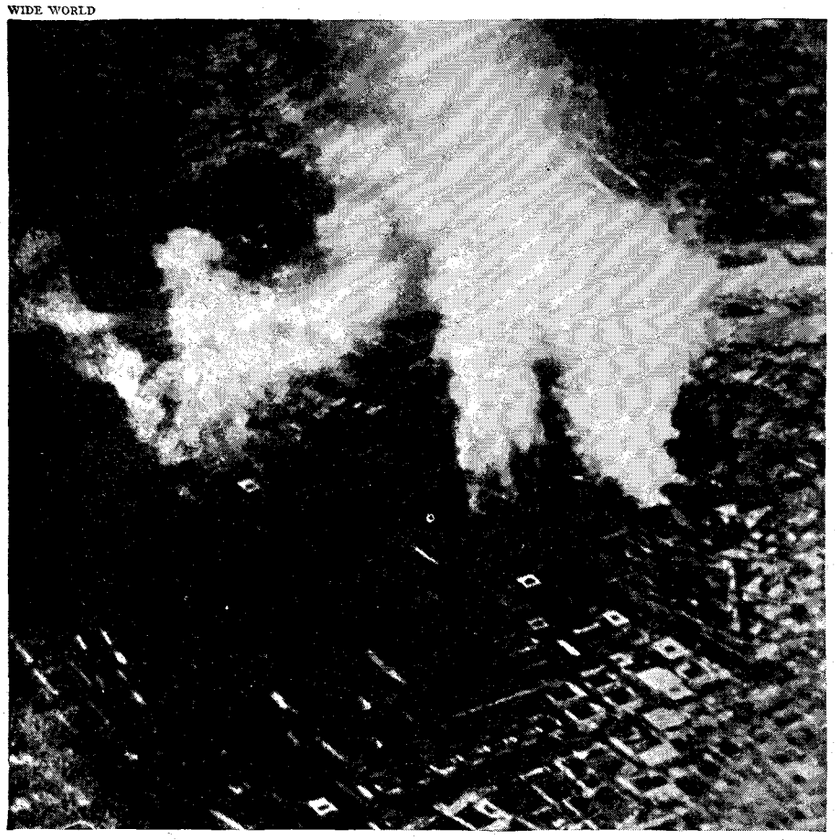
Chinese claim already to have shot down over 50 Japanese planes, while losing only a few of their own. Whatever superiority the Chinese do in fact possess is the result of a remarkably rapid development, helped along since 1932 by American brains and brawn. China can muster between 400 and 1,000 planes today. Some 800 planes, of which 450 are in first-class fighting condition, is the safest inventory. Of these, 80 per cent are American and a few German. Some 1,100 pilots are American and German trained. Between 1932 and 1936 John Jouett, an American aviation expert and ex-member of the U.S. Air Corps, trained about 350 Nanking aviators, assisted by 10 American flyers, five mechanics, and 15 training ships. Among the flyers was Christy Mathewson Jr., son of the famous Big League pitcher.

Chinese aviation was born in 1913 when President Yuan Shih-kai opened an aviation school at Nanyuan with some British and French machines. Shortly afterwards, during a civil war, the school died prematurely. In 1923, the first fleet of military planes was started by Chang Tso-lin, then dictator of Manchuria. Chang's force grew to 70 planes, most of them taken over by Japan when the latter seized Manchuria in 1931. Since then, American and German experts have been called in, although the British, scrupulously regarding an arms embargo put into force in 1920, have remained out of the Chinese picture.

Today, Chinese aviation is under the guidance of Nanking's generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, who controls the air force and is president of the Central Aviation School.

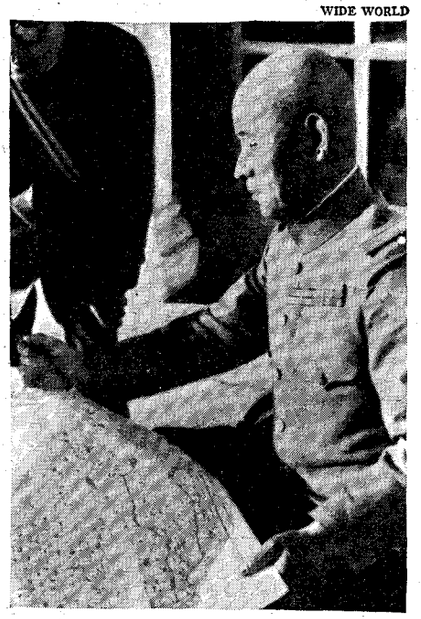
Students are hand-picked; only one out of every 25 applicants makes the grade. The successful candidates are put through a strict three-year training course

WIDE WORLD



AN AVIATOR'S view of the effects of his own bombing. The city is Tientsin, base of China's army in the north. The bomb is Japanese

WIDE WORLD



HEAD MAN of Japan's forces in China is map-studying Gen. Kiyoshi Katsuki

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in which, besides learning aerobatics, they imbibe politics. China possesses three such schools: Loyang, Canton, and Hangchow. Hangchow is the largest and most completely equipped; its 4000 acres include four landing and two bombing fields. Here graduates are turned out at the rate of 220 a year, each of them with at least 200 flying hours.

Two American-trained Chinese have already won glory. Lieut. Loi Chong is the Chinese Eddie Rickenbacker. He is credited with having brought down four Japanese bombers single-handed. Lieut. Wong Sun-sui, trained in Los Angeles, has sent two Japanese bombers to their graves.

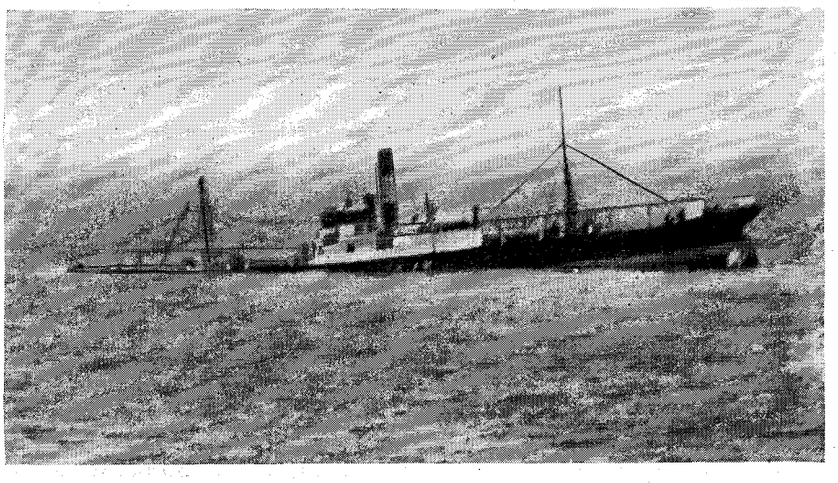
But while Chinese make good pilots—they have a natural feeling for flying—China's air force suffers from poor ground service, inferior mechanics, and the necessity of importing planes, spare-parts, and gasoline.

Meanwhile, Japan brings her large, modern bombers into play. These planes are fast, have a long cruising range, and can carry an eight-man crew. They are, however, unwieldy. Some are a strange mixture of German fuselage, American 14-cylinder engines, English machine-guns, and Japanese radio sets. Tokyo claims that the "well-dressed" Japanese pilot carries a revolver and a small Samurai sword; that if forced down, he immediately destroys his plane and papers; and that if escape is impossible, he will commit harakiri by self-disembowelment.

How long Japan?

IF JAPAN is going to fight a real war in China, she had better be quick about it, for she is ultra-short on raw materials and foodstuffs. The Nippon Mars has feet of clay, flat feet at that.

INTERNATIONAL



SINKING, the Danish freighter "Maine" is photographed from the "Duchess of Atholl" which rammed her in a fog 200 miles east of Boston

It has been estimated by experts that all Japanese reserves in oil, iron-ore, pig-iron, and rice would be used up in the first year of war. By the end of a second year stocks of agricultural products, held in reserve, would be gone with the wind. Hence in the second war-year food shortage would hit the home-front. Financial inflation on a big scale would occur the first year; some 60 per cent of the Japanese national income would be used up in the second war-year.

Japanese balance of trade, unfavorable always, would get worse and worse as happy economic competitors chiseled into Japanese markets. Further, Japan does not supply as much as 50 per cent of her own machinery needs; and nearly 100 per cent of Japanese-made machinery is put out by factories employing only five to a hundred workmen. Such small industrial units are exceedingly hard to regiment for war purposes.

Japan has very little iron and steel and coal; no nickel, cotton, oil, or rubber. Wars are not fought and won by the Nipponese basic output: raw silk, cotton and woolen manufactured textiles, and rayon. Mikado please note.

INTERNATIONAL

RESCUED by those who rammed them, the 23 members of the crew of the "Maine" have plenty to be thankful for. There was no loss of life

Czech-Portuguese clash

WAR RAGES in Spain, where Germany, Italy, Russia take part without admitting it. Japanese and Chinese slay one another by thousands but do not declare war; nor did Mussolini when he conquered Ethiopia. Nowadays there are few declared wars but plenty of slaughters undeclared.

Dr. Salazar's Portugal and Dr. Benes' Czechoslovakia, however, are old-fashioned. They do not kill each other, but they break off relations in horse-and-buggy style. Senhor Minister Jose da Costa Carneiro departs from Prague in a huff, bound for Lisbon. Once such an action was tantamount to a declaration of war.

It seems that Czechoslovakia (wherein sit famous Skoda gun-works) defaulted on a Portuguese munitions contract; that certain Czechs were implicated in "red" Lisbon disorders and in an attempt on Dictator Salazar's life.

Portugal has strong ties with Germany; Czechoslovakia with Russia—and this row is a warning shadow of the Russo-German one. Czechs fear that their munitions, sold to Portugal, will be re-sold to the rebels in next-door Spain (who are opposed by Czechoslovakia and Russia; vigorously favored by Portugal and Germany).

The nations are opposites: Slav-Teuton, blonde Czechoslovakia is industrialized, progressive, free-thinking, well-run, democratic, pro-Spanish loyalist, pro-Russian. Latinic, brunette Portugal is agrarian, backward, clerical, untidy, dictatorial, sea-going and colonial, pro-Spanish rebel, pro-German.

Portugal was the first modern imperialist power, greatest in the fifteenth cen-

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tury. Today she retains 9 million colonials and a million colonial square miles.

There are 7 million "home" Portuguese; and 15 million Czechs.

Since neither power can possibly reach the other save by volunteers on opposite sides in Spain, no bloodshed is in prospect. The Czechs have no navy to raid Portuguese colonies; they have no colonies to be raided by the Portuguese navy.

Russo-Germany again

GERMAN communists-in-exile plot and plan in France, Holland, and Czechoslovakia. Their party name is K.P.D. or *Kommunistische Partei Deutschlands*. On Germany's last really free election (fall of '32) they polled well over 6 million votes. Now they change their leader-in-exile.

To date it has been Kamerad Willi Munzenberg; but the new Paris chief of K.P.D. is Kamerad Walther Ulbricht.

Dynamic Munzenberg was a zealous worker who toiled for a United Front of all German exiles against Hitler. That was his trouble; he was *too* zealous. Moscow—becoming cautious—had to call him off because his vehement efforts were riling Berlin to the boiling point and threatening to make German-Russian relations even worse than they are.

The new chieftain, Ulbricht, is an expert on coöperation with nazis, believe it or not. He helped to guide a joint communist-nazi transport strike in Berlin in 1932—a strike directed against the tottering republican government which died in February, 1933, when nazis burned the Reichstag building and blamed it on the reds. K.P.D. leader Ulbricht and propaganda minister Goebbels (a radical nazi) became acquainted at the time of that joint red-brown strike. Are they still in pleasant touch? Many ex-communists have become nazis since 1933.

Meanwhile, shaky Russia is pathetically eager for good terms with Germany in the West as China and Japan tangle in the Far East. Her hand in Spain also becomes weaker and weaker.

Paraguay paralysis

IN PARAGUAY the omnipotent army ousts dictatorial Colonel Rafael Franco and puts in pseudo-democratic Professor Felix Paiva.

A month earlier (in July) the omnipotent Bolivian army had ousted dictatorial Colonel David Toro and put in pseudo-democratic Colonel German Busch. Both coups are victories for good, old, bogus Latin American constitutions over open and avowed social-fascist regimes.

Bolivia and Paraguay fought their bloody Chaco war from 1925 to 1935. In 1936 both war presidents were kicked out by war veterans, and war heroes were set up in office instead. These war heroes—Franco and Toro—tried out variations of social-fascism, but did not dare to confiscate foreign investments. Hence they failed despite good intentions.

The very armies which brought them in also kicked them out. The very armies which introduced fascism also reintroduced bogus democracy, which is more favorable to American, British, and Argentine investors. Paraguay, which is agricultural, is "owned" by Argentinian capital. Bolivia, hillbilly, is under the economic thumb of absentee tin-mine operators.

Thus do events return the Chaco pair to a traditional Latin American pattern.

Quick-change Mussolini

IN FASCIST ITALY this number of THE DIGEST would be dated as of Day IV, Month IX, in the Year XVI. Decades pass, times change, and so do party platforms, political and economic. The uninhibited Iron Duce, however, goes on.

The original 14-point Fascist program, smacking of Woodrow Wilson, was given out by Mussolini in 1919, three years before blackshirts marched on Rome as their leader parlor-carred there. Eighteen years after, it is interesting to study a few little changes since made by the opportunist Duce:

"2. Proclamation of the Italian republic. Decentralization of the executive power." (Never was the monarchy praised as today; never was Italy so highly ultra-centralized.)

"3. Abolition of the Senate. Abolition of the political police." (The aristocratic Senate is thriving; the O.V.R.A. political police keep very busy.)

"4. Abolition of all titles of nobility." (Mussolini now encourages bigger and better titles; Count Ciano is his son-in-law.)

"5. Abolition of compulsory service." (Nowadays it is intensified, with small children conscripted.)

"6. Liberty of opinion . . . press." (Instead, the strictest possible 1937 censorship.)

"13. Abolition of secret diplomacy." (As in recent underground dealings with Austria, unhappy Spain, and the *pro* and *con* major powers?)

"14. International policy opened to, and inspired by, the solidarity of peoples and their independence in a confederation of states." (Instead of which, there is extreme nationalism—"sacred egotism"—conquest of Ethiopia, and fierce hostility to the League of Nations.)

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THEY SAY not one of Europe's dictators is what could be called a drinking man. The dizziness is on account of looking down.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Duke forbade photographers to take pictures of Wally in her bathing suit, but he didn't say what was the matter with the bathing suit.—*Dallas News.*

There will be no war, says Hitler to Pacifist George Lansbury. Meanwhile the Spanish form of peace has spread to mysterious China.—*Senator Soaper in Los Angeles Times.*

Unappeased hunger, says a Chicago physiologist, is a significant factor in dangerous driving. Not to mention a satisfied thirst.—*Des Moines Register.*

The Associated Press relays the discovery of a colony of people in New Mexico who have been unchanged by civilization for the last 200 years. Europe boasts whole nations in the same category.—*D.N.T. in Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

If the whole world faces the necessity of going about in gas masks twelve or twenty-four hours a day, isn't it time the style-makers were giving a little thought to making the masks more attractive?—*C.H.T. in Kansas City Star.*

The League is too ineffective to play right field, even, in the present world set-up. So they let it keep score in the wars. —*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

A Paris seer says the world will come to an end Monday afternoon, Sept. 20, 1937. This event should attract widespread attention, and it is hoped that we'll have a nice day for it.—*Olin Miller in Atlanta Journal.*

The other day a Kansan had removed from his ear a bug which got in it 48 years ago. A thing like that can become aggravating after a while.—*Washington Post.*

A thoughtful economist has just written a 100-page "Short history of money." We could write a history of ours in six words: "Here it is! There it goes!"—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

Secretary Wallace's ever-normal granary overlooks the fact that it is the weather that subnormalizes, abnormalizes —and normalizes.—*Manchester (N. H.) Union.*

If a man thinks he's Napoleon and nobody agrees with him, he becomes an inmate of the bug-house; if the masses agree with him, he becomes a dictator. —*Olin Miller in Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

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EDITORIAL

WHEN the Seventy-fifth Congress assembled after New Year's Day for the first of its two regular sessions, it was under the spell of the overwhelming vote given to Mr. Roosevelt's presidential electors in the first week of last November. Few Republicans were left in the House of Representatives. In the Senate the Republican minority was further reduced. The President believed that the people had given him a clear mandate to rule the country in his own way during his second full term of four years.

Democratic Senators and members of the new House of Representatives were bound to assume that they owed personal allegiance to Mr. Roosevelt. Their local constituents supported this view. It would be disloyal, they believed, to dispute the President's initiative, or to question his policies. The new Congress was told not to resent the fact that it had little to do with writing the bills that it was asked to enact into law.

There was nothing surprising in Mr. Roosevelt's point of view. Countless millions of voters had such confidence in his leadership that they ardently desired nothing short of swift and complete approval of his reconstruction programs. They did not know just what the "New Deal," in revised and up-to-date 1937 model, was to include of concrete changes. But they were satisfied that the President was doing a "grand job" for the benefit of the American people as a whole.

The President's ideals

ON his part, he began his new term with the conviction that the opportune moment had come for giving effect to sweeping reforms. He sought to safeguard the welfare of industrial workers. He proposed to put agriculture on a foundation of normal security. He believed that the growth of the tenant system had become seriously detrimental in the farm states. He was assured that more than one third of all the people, in this wealthiest of countries, were not decently housed, or in enjoyment of a fair minimum of modern living conditions.

It would be impossible for citizens who are right-minded and broadly intelligent not to sympathize with the President's ideals. Life in this democratic country must be made safe, all the year around, for the families of workers. Stockholders have no moral right to dividends if faithful workers are not first considered in their right—not merely to good pay on those days when they work, but also to a minimum annual income and to home surroundings befitting worthy American citizens. It is not the President's social objectives that have been justly criticized. Rather, the serious faults, requiring sharp scrutiny, have pertained to the methods he has employed.

Mr. Roosevelt rules the country like a man with infinite zest for a great game that he is playing. Theodore Roosevelt as president was never tired. He was accustomed to say that he liked his job. At times he became highly exasperated; but his energy was unflagging. His buoyant spirits never drooped. He was not troubled by doubts or misgivings. He did not always have his own way. Toward the end of his second term he was involved in some bitter controversies. Wall Street believed him to be half crazy or a victim of strong drink. But the temperamental moods of Wall Street are transient. Theodore Roosevelt retired from office in perfect health. He went abroad for a year, and when he returned he was greeted with immense enthusiasm, in which the mercurial sentiment of Wall Street had its full share.

Two Roosevelts

WE are too close to the amazing activities of Franklin Roosevelt to justify comparisons. But in one respect he is like his illustrious predecessor of the same patronymic. He is without fear, and he plays his game with infinite zest and no compromise. Theodore Roosevelt also had the habit of swift initiative. He was not hesitant or reticent. Yet he was extremely careful to take private counsel in every important movement or utterance.

Franklin Roosevelt came into office under conditions as different as possible. He was given emergency powers by unanimous consent. He used them in such a way as to retain the popular support of the voting masses. He has carried through Congress an appalling amount of legislation. He could not possibly have read it, and neither could any member of Congress; but, of course, he knew the purport of it, and with his keen intelligence he was perfectly aware of its essential bearings.

He has not scrupled to use any possible means by which to keep in his hands the emergency powers that have made him a personal ruler. Let us do him the justice to suppose that he has sought power in order to set in motion certain great social reforms that would require thirty or forty years for testing and fulfillment.

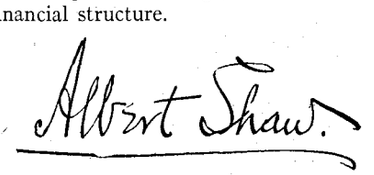
Let us, then, consider this motive as underlying his demand at the beginning of the recent session of Congress that he should be allowed at once to add six new members to the Supreme Court. This proposal precipitated a discussion that lasted for six months. Mr. Roosevelt had made a serious mistake. He had believed that Congress would yield to his demand and that a re-constituted bench of judges would not fail to approve of enactments that he regarded as salutary. That they were constitutional, his official law advisors had assured him.

Responsibility of Congress

MR. ROOSEVELT still resents criticism. He forgets the campaign of sharp attack that he conducted against President Hoover in 1932, when he believed that free and bold criticism was essential to the proper working of our form of government. At Fort Raleigh, North Carolina, on August eighteenth, the President made use of a memorial occasion to deliver a scathing address, pouring scorn and contempt upon those who have criticized his policies, calling them enemies of democracy. Such an ill-judged diatribe by a man with immense majorities behind him against the free discussion of our common problems of government (by what is today the most able and trustworthy press of any country in the world) exhibited in Mr. Roosevelt certain qualities of arrogance and intolerance that are regretted by many of his more intelligent supporters. Nothing has so encouraged the true friends of our established form of government as the resumption by Congress of those responsibilities that it can no longer honorably disregard.

With Congress adjourned after eight months of a most profitable and hopeful session, this country is entitled to four months of wholesome neglect on the part of Mr. Roosevelt and his bureaucracies. For a century and a half, Americans had managed their own affairs. The voters still have confidence in the President; but nobody of even medium intelligence has any respect for the tangled and overlapping chaos of new bureaucracies at Washington.

The President wishes to reduce them to some form and order. It will be a Herculean task. After the four months that are left of this year, he will have three full years remaining in which to balance the budget and safeguard the nation's financial structure.



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WIDE WORLD

ONCE IMPOVERISHED, now wealthy, Romania's King Carol and Morocco's well-to-do Sultan watch a costly military display in Paris

ITALY'S uniformed Count Ciano and Albania's King Zog discuss affairs. Zog has turned a $21,000 income into a $1,500,000 fortune

KINGS COME HIGH

KINGS have money. Kings make money. Contrary to common opinion, they are not all national figure-heads content to draw their salaries from the state and to spend them on a ceremonial life. Kings today are often independently wealthy, or go into business to become so.

Some figure as stockholders in the great industries of their own and other countries. They work rackets on the side to add to the privy purse. They save from their civil lists, invest the money and play the market. All this explains why some can afford morganatic wives, why others less fortunate have to marry princesses with big dowries, or offer to marry American heiresses. The condition of a king's bank account may even make him sufficiently independent to brave a national divorce scandal and sign away his throne.

History has been made many times as a result of royal adventures in finance. Ex-King Alfonso of Spain's interest in oil shares led him into conflict with Primo de Rivera and contributed to the downfall of the latter, which in turn caused Alfonso to lose his throne. But if rumor is correct, a lot of real estate in New York has kept this exile comfortable. The present King George of Greece, during one phase of his exile, helped out his depleted finances by waging a successful libel suit in London. Even at that, some of his royal relatives in other lands had to contribute to his support. These relatives, to rid themselves of their burden, intrigued so successfully that George was able to get back his throne. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland possesses such an enormous block of stock in the great Dutch trading company which profits from oil and rubber in the Orient that Princess Juliana could afford to reject wealthy suitors and marry the comparatively impecunious Prince Bernard zur Lippe-Biesterfeld.

Most of these members of royalty inherited large fortunes and were at least able to put down some margin at the broker's. One, however, started with nothing and built up an extremely large fortune by his own enterprise. This was the go-getting King Alexander of Yugoslavia.

His son, the present boy-king Peter, well deserves to be called the "poor little rich king." Romping around in lonely state with valets and tutors in his great palaces, he enjoys an impressive inheritance. He receives an income variously estimated at from $3,000 to $5,000 a day, based on the $20,000,000 which Alexander amassed.

Alexander knew a good thing when he saw it. The subservient parliament voted him one of the largest civil lists in Europe—58 million dinars, or approximately $1,250,000 a year. This far surpassed that of any other Balkan king and approached the size of the British King's purse.

INTERNATIONAL

KING GEORGE VI of England "can be trusted to take his throne and $2,000,000 income conservatively"

Unable to spend such a vast sum, Alexander naturally looked around for investments. He found one place for his money in the flourishing grape and wine business of Yugoslavia. His business led all competitors. Hotels, cafés, barracks, public institutions of all kinds where wine was consumed found it tactful to sell wine from the King's firms. Nor was that all. Alexander obtained a controlling share in Trupcha Ltd., a mining company, which produces most of the gold, silver, copper and iron in the country. Trupcha cut a 17 per cent melon last year. In cement, machinery, timber lands, Alexander was a true patriot—with dividends.

Not patriotic enough, however, to keep his liquid funds at home. He arranged for his civil list to be payable half in Yugoslavian dinars and half in Swiss francs. (Little King Peter's is paid in this way today.) In Basle, Berne and Geneva great trading accounts were kept for him by brokers, and money poured into English, French and American stocks and bonds. When the depression hit Yugoslavia, Alexander magnanimously reduced the civil list by 4,000,000 dinars, which occasioned much favorable comment. But the papers failed to mention that at the same time Alexander quietly transferred 6,000,000 dinars, in expenses for the upkeep of royal homes, to state expense accounts. Alexander lived simply—no mistresses, racehorses or debauches. He had only one extravagance—motor cars. Alexander became the greatest individual owner of Packards in the world. Starting his rule with one Daimler, he ended it with twenty-five Packards, some of them bullet-proof. Unfortunately he left these autos at home when he went on the journey to Marseilles where, in 1934, he was assassinated.

King Carol of Romania, another Balkan monarch with an itch for money, is some-

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WIDE WORLD

KEYSTONE

IN PROSPEROUS SWEDEN, King Gustaf enjoys "the drink of kings." But in poorer Bulgaria, King Boris and Queen Ioanna rarely see the champagne flow. Their $120,000 yearly income is eaten up by royal expenses. Instead of parties, Boris relaxes with gardening and hand-shaking

what different from Alexander. Carol is the Coolidge of kings. For, contrary to common opinion, the bad boy of the Balkans is really quite frugal and shrewd in financial matters. His exile in France made him so. Reduced virtually to penury, he studied business methods, scraped and saved and managed to live in a small Riviera villa on a remarkably slim income.

When he returned to the throne, he received a civil list of about $365,000 a year. Out of this he is said to save about $100,000 a year, and not even the whims of Mme. Lupescu (Carol's red-headed "Bibi") can cause him to squander more than a bit of it. Gossip says he has accumulated a personal fortune by savings and investments of about $1,000,000. Kings possess financial information which puts them in a position to make money. Like Alexander, Carol has a lot of money placed abroad.

Carol has become so thrifty that he has made but one regal visit to Western capitals in recent years—his appearance at the funeral of George V of England. Grief undoubtedly had little to do with it. King George and Queen Mary had strongly disapproved of the royal rake and had snubbed him often. But Carol had not enjoyed such an opportunity to relax at a safe distance from gossip-infested Bucharest for a long time. And the English royal family, it should be explained, pay the expenses of all their many royal visitors from other countries.

It cannot be said that Carol exactly repaid the hospitality. The story goes that he reveled so strenuously that a masseur had to be called in to revive him in time for the funeral. Indeed, the masseur accompanied the royal patient in his limousine, rubbing him the while, to the starting-point of the funeral procession and by mistake was hustled out of the car and into the royal procession itself. Papers next day tried to explain that the strange figure in the jersey and white pants, marching beside kings, was a Transylvanian nobleman in peasant costume!

Boris of Bulgaria is the poor relation among European kings. He receives only $60,000 a year salary. He married Princess Giovanna of Italy, according to newspaper reports, in order to cement the ties between the two nations. But his heart undoubtedly beat faster when he learned that the Princess had a dowry of 25 million lira, interest from which approximately equaled Boris's income. Even with about $120,000, the royal household of Bulgaria remains hard-hit. Out of this sum must be paid the expenses of the royal palace, all social functions and the upkeep of country-places. As a result, Sofia has the reputation of being one of the dullest capitals in Europe. Foreign legations and embassies know better than to entertain lavishly or often. Boris has made it known that he cannot keep up with a gay diplomatic set. Champagne rarely flows at the palace. Besides, he rather exploits his poverty. It makes him shine as a sparing monarch in a very poor country. He tends his rose-gardens, pushes the baby prince around in the perambulator, pilots locomotives on trips, and democratically shakes hands with peasants on the streets of the capital.

King Zog of Albania gets less than Boris—$21,000 a year—but considering the tiny size and wealth of his kingdom, the salary isn't bad. Besides, Zog has feathered his financial nest. As dictator, Zog has been in a good position to profit from Italian penetration in Albania. He has built up a fortune of $1,500,000 safely invested in Swiss stocks and bonds. For years he has supposedly been on the lookout for an American heiress. But since he has once been unseated by a revolution and since a number of rebel chieftains have sworn to kill him and his family, one can understand why American girls remain coy and calm.

Edward VIII of England was the richest king in the world. Up to that fatal day last December when he signed away his throne, he was receiving a civil list from Parliament of approximately $2,050,000 a year. In addition, he had money coming in from the Duchy of Cornwall which is always the preserve of Princes of Wales. Since Edward had no heir, the Duchy revenues still belonged to him. The Duchy is really a business enterprise; it owns tin

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KEYSTONE

THE SOLE LUXURY of dapper King George of Greece is a fondness for Bond Street clothes. Romania's Carol, pictured here with Crown Prince Michael, is "the Coolidge of Kings." He has salted away a $1,000,000 fortune

mines in Cornwall and real estate in London and brings in an estimated $350,000 to $400,000 a year. Officially, then, Edward struggled along on about $2,500,000 a year. But he also had (and has) a private fortune. Queen Victoria is supposed to have left about $9,000,000, some part of which went to Edward, and it is said that Queen Alexandra, Edward's grandmother, left him about $5,000,000. As king, then, Edward must have had an income of around $3,000,000.

It was enough, even after the expenses of Buckingham Palace and other royal establishments were paid. So far as money was concerned, Edward had no grudge against his job. He never had the least turn for investment or business, did not care about accumulating more money.

WIDE WORLD

INCOME from U. S. real estate keeps Spain's former King in the money

Edward's money from the time of his birth (plus other influences) made him what he is today—a leisured English gentleman of great means. Money moulded his character just as it did his father's and grandfather's.

Take Edward VII. He could always afford the Lily Langtrys and trips to Paris which marked his lavish sway as Prince of Wales. His top salary, even when quite a young man, was approximately $475,000 a year and the Duchy of Cornwall's revenues were added to this sum.

Meanwhile, his son George, later to become George V, had to live on rather short rations. George's eldest son, however, reverted—had, rather, the wealth to revert—to his grandfather's type. There was never a year when the present Duke of Windsor did not partake of the great income of the Prince of Wales. At twenty-five, George V spent his evenings playing cribbage with his wife. At the same age, the Edward VIII that-was dashed about London conferring royal favor on night-clubs. George passed his spare time collecting stamps. Edward took to expensive villas on the Riviera. Later, of course, came the gifts of jewels and flowers to Wallis Warfield Simpson—emblems of the most expensive courtship a modern king has been able to afford.

His decision to abdicate represented a net loss financially, although not as great as supposed. Most of the $2,000,000 civil list went into paying for the upkeep of the royal establishment, Buckingham Palace, state entertainments, allowances for poor relatives among the royal family, etc. Buckingham Palace, incidentally, employs 400 servants and the laundry bill alone runs to approximately $18,000 a year.

So it may be that Edward Windsor has come off rather well financially as a result of his abdication. All rumors to the contrary, Edward has retained his large personal fortune.

At least $300,000 a year comes in from his personal fortune and he is determined to make a financial bargain with the Government which so stubbornly forced him from his throne. The Government so far has firmly refused to give him an official allowance. But as King George, at present, is said to have offered Edward an allowance of $125,000 a year out of his civil list, it amounts to the same thing. Thus—with around $425,000 a year, Edward will have enough at least to keep up with other royal exiles.

As for George VI, he can be trusted to take his throne and his $2,000,000 civil list quite conservatively. Younger brother, he lived on a restricted income, like his father, long enough to learn that an English king cannot be too independent.—*Frank C. Hanighen.*

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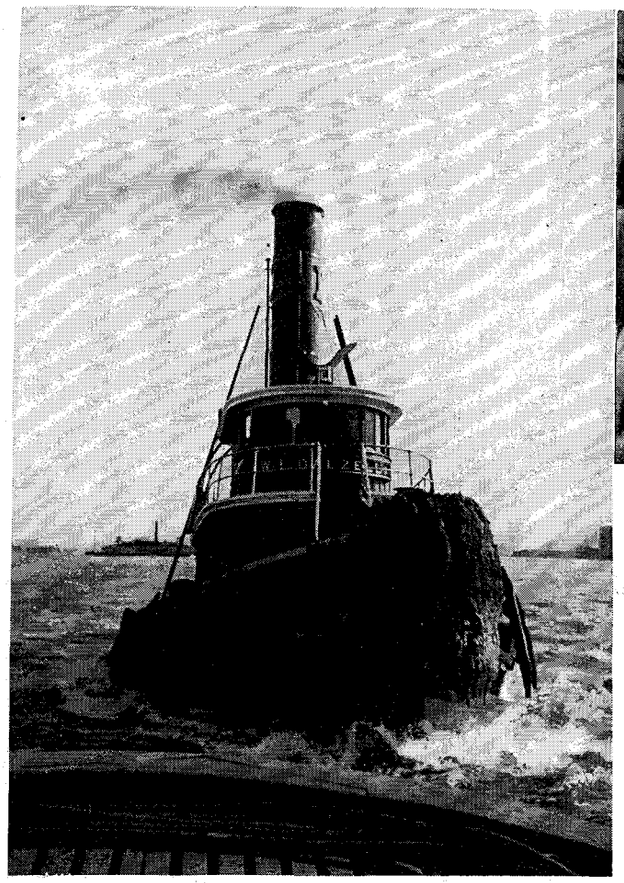
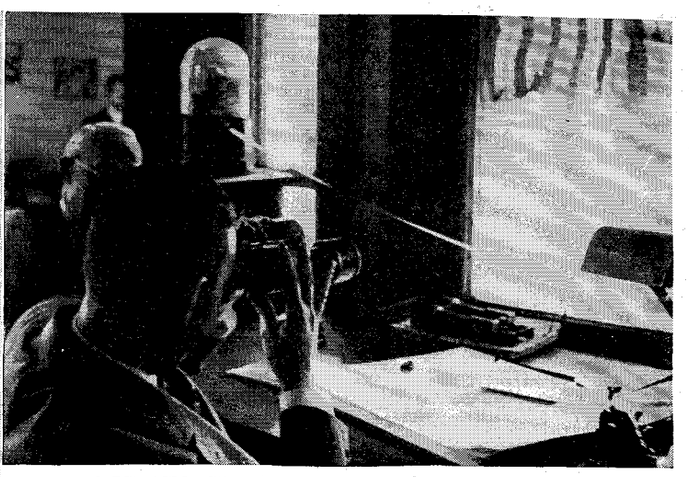


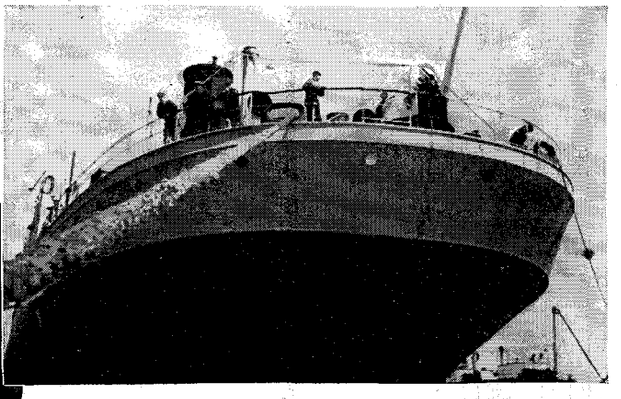
CHARGING up the Hudson, one after the other, the two tugs catch up with the arriving ship



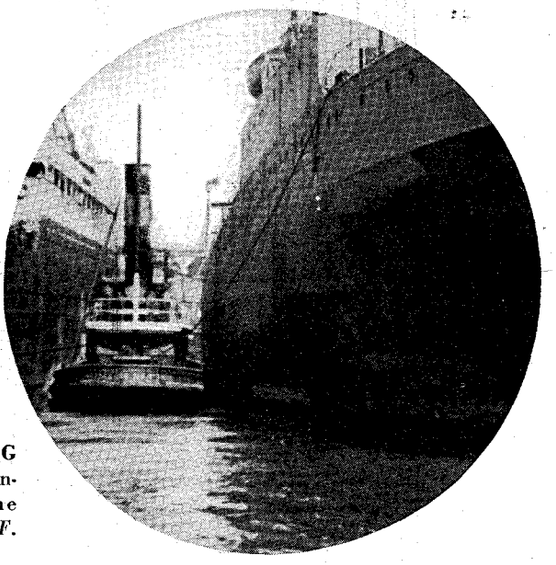
DISPATCHER with glasses spots the tug he wants . . .

IT'S A TUG

HAWSERS CREAK, tauten, as the crew eyes the tug straining to pull the ship against the dock bumpers



HALF SPEED, signals Captain Howell, eyeing clearance, spinning the midship steering-wheel



WORKING IN close meanwhile, at the bow is the *W. F.*

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. . . as it rounds the Battery

HIGH COMMAND of all tugs in N. Y. harbor is vested in dispatchers. On the opposite page the marine ticker has just told Dispatcher Sullivan, of the Dalzell Towing Co., in his office atop 21 State St., that the *Santa Barbara* is coming up the bay. With his glasses he spots the *Dalzellea* rounding the Battery Park to meet the *W. F. Dalzell.* The tug moors as orders are bellowed from the window through a megaphone to Captain Allen C. Howell, who thereupon gives the command to cast off, jangles the engine room bell, and turns the steering wheel to head her out

DIGEST PHOTOS BY NEWSTRAND-CODY

LIFE

BULLDOGS of the harbor are the tugboats, the furious little craft that bark their way along as they wrestle with great steamers. All bone and muscle, they are a world enterprise, chugging about every port of any moment.

Ships cannot dock without them. With wind, tide, and current conspiring against them, large vessels find it impossible to maneuver their myriad tons of steel into place unaided. And the rectangular American barge would be, save for storage, useless without them.

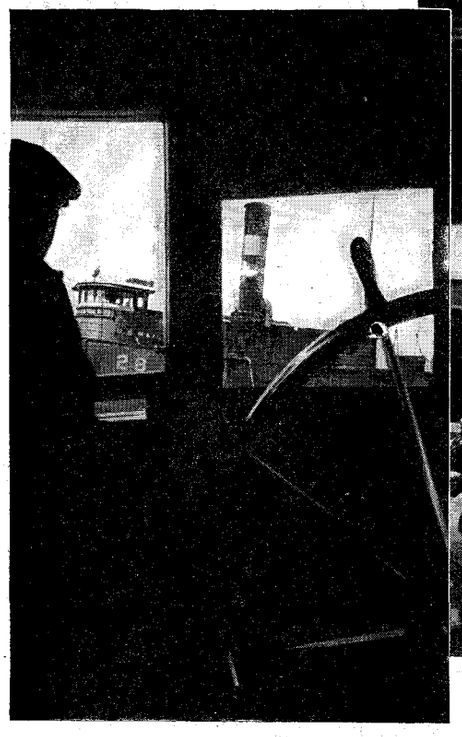
Towboats in the United States number 3,539, of which 700 are clustered in New York harbor alone. These 700 move nearly one per cent of the nation's products every day. That percentage is such an accurate indication of business that national car-loading figures can be fairly well predicted by the amount they move.

Typical of the craft is the *Dalzellea,* one of fourteen tugs operated by the Dalzell Towing Company of New York. Developing between 850 and 1,000 horsepower, this steam tug is but 100 feet long, displaces but 180 tons. Yet it can tow, in still water, a 10,000-ton ship at six miles per hour. In proportion to size, it has much more power than the greatest transatlantic liners.

Docking a ship in New York harbor usually takes about 40 minutes; but the time varies according to wind, tide, current, size of ship, and fate. The record for docking a ship in New York, four and one-half minutes, was hung up during the war with the now rotting Leviathan.

But docking a ship is a ticklish business. A single dented plate caused by too strenuous pushing may mean a loss of as much as $80,000.

COOK finds things right up his galley



SHIP'S IN! Mate Smith takes over

FULL SPEED AHEAD, order the bells; the engineer opens the throttle; under the piston head engines race

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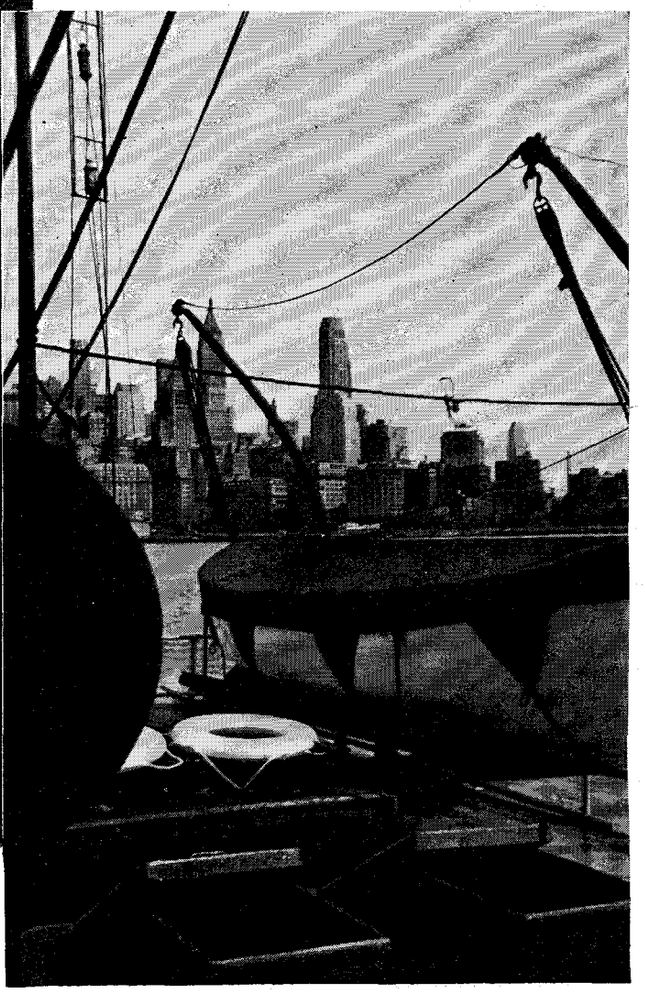
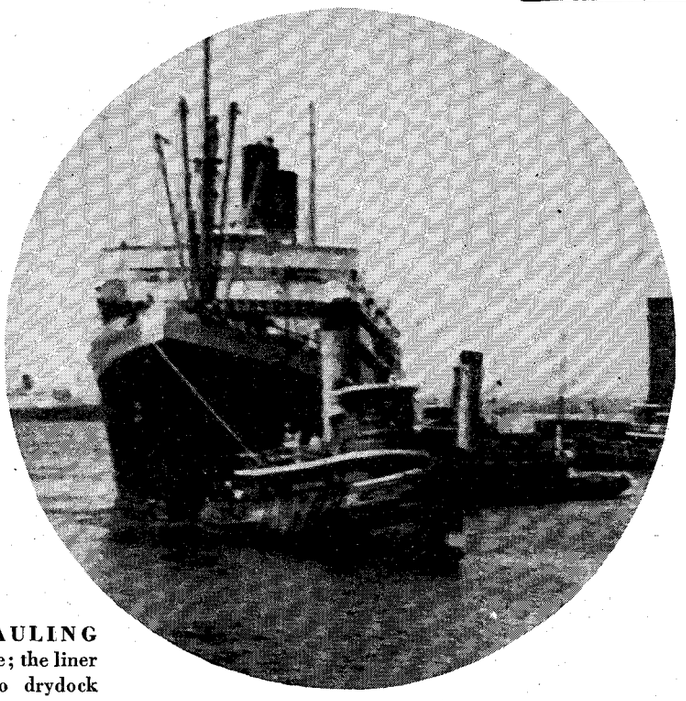
SETTING LOW in the rigging is the skyline of lower Manhattan. In the building just over the patch of white above the lifeboat are the offices of the tug's owners. Fronting the buildings is New York's famous Battery Park



MAKING FAST to a large passenger liner, the tug waits while Captain Howell climbs an ordinary ladder to the vessel to replace its captain and direct the tugs



OVERHAULING time is come; the liner is towed to drydock

Although they work under the severest strains, the bulldog boats last for years. Many are from 15 to 20 years old. Baltimore has a 65-year old tug, still active. The boats are built of wood to gain resiliency; steel won't give. Most of the largest are run by steam, but there are a few diesel-powered. Each tug costs from $100,000 to $125,000, with the possibility of a $24,000 repair bill when a boiler blows out. Operating costs of a modern tug are about $100 a day.

Tugs berth, minus barges, at nearly any dock they choose. Dock owners consider them insurance against fire, since the tugs carry hose and pressure pumps.

Diminutive in size, the tugs still have their caste system. Those working only with passenger liners look down on barge tugs. Captains of the former make as much as most liner captains—$6,000 a year salaries.

Snorting, grunting, their rope rams snubbed up against steel sides, the tugs make possible the size and speed of present vessels. They make possible also the plot of many a short story.

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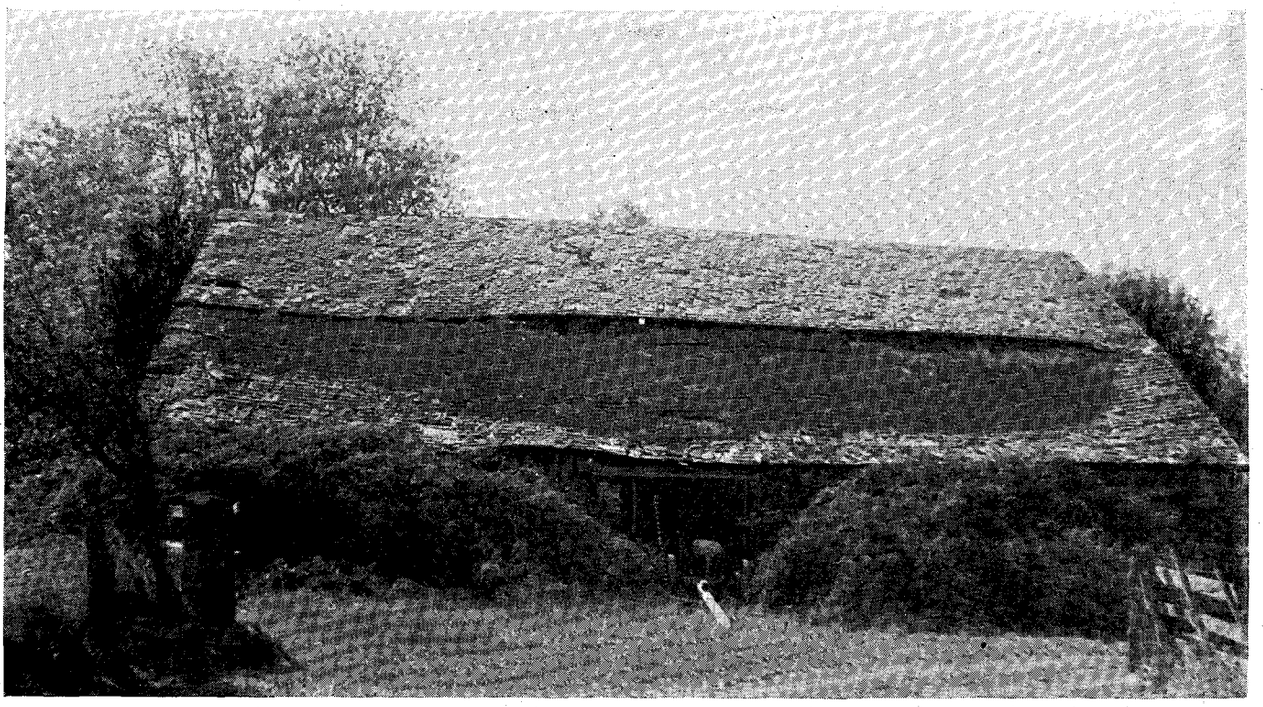


OLDEST of Oregon barns is this Kentucky mule barn built in the 'forties

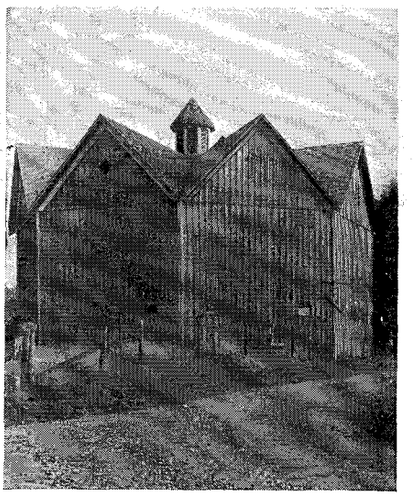
THREE PHOTOS FROM EUROPEAN

BARNS IN BRIEF

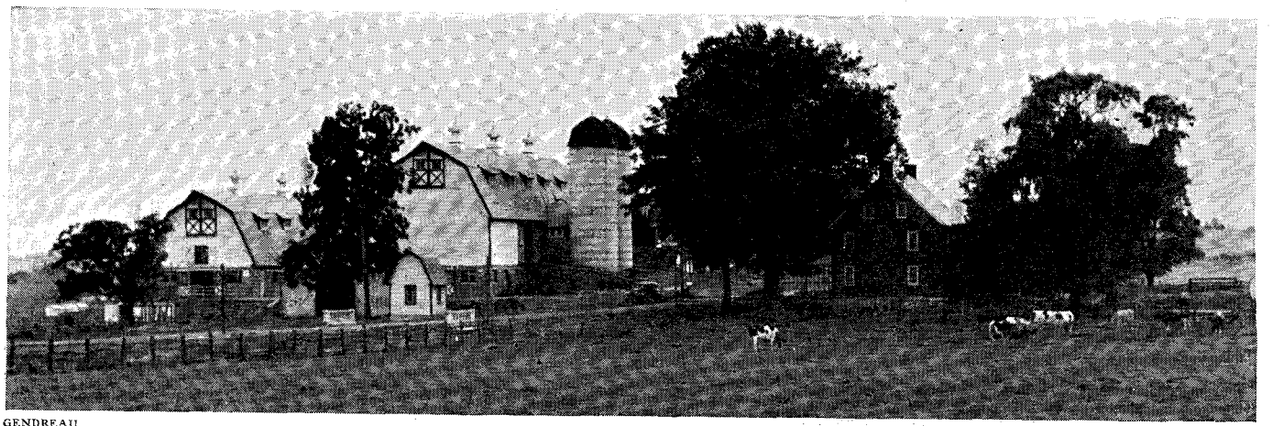
ROUND barns enjoyed a brief vogue between 1890 and 1905

THE HISTORIAN who is accustomed to gathering his material from buildings as well as from documents can find a wealth of material in the barns of any American country-side Through them, he gets a clear idea of the agricultural development of the district from the time when pioneers brought with them the architectural patterns of their former homes to the present day when specialization in farming demands particular types of farm buildings, and functional architecture is reduced to its simplest terms.

The photographs on this page range from the ancient mule barn of Kentucky to the handsome and efficient buildings of a modern dairy farm.



FANCY, but impractical, this octagonal affair shows more imagination than horse sense



GENDREAU

MODERN barns, handsome and efficient, ornament the fertile, rolling country in Lancaster County, Pa.

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READING AROUND

"Totalitarian" War

From "Izvestia," Moscow

By Eugene Tarle

WHEN Germany declared war on France in such a stupid manner in 1914, excuses were sought for internal, not external, consumption. For at that time, the working class, the middle classes, were still a certain political force. They had to be convinced that the war to be waged was one of self-defense.

The situation has now changed in the Fascist countries. When Ferdinand of Spain heard that the French king, Louis XII, complained that Ferdinand had deceived him four times, the Spanish monarch cried angrily: "He's lying! I tricked him six times." In those early days of the birth of national states and of primitive colonial rapacity, as in our own times of unrestrained imperialism, hypocrisy had become a useless luxury and was cast aside.

Totalitarian war is already officially recognized in military publications in Germany and Italy as the only one possible. But what is totalitarian war? It is a war of "all the front and all the rear" against the enemy, and to waste time on a declaration of war in such a case is equivalent to treason. "The enemy must be half smashed before he realizes that war has begun." If that is so, all talk about motives and pretexts becomes ridiculous.

Totalitarian war requires a constant "moral training." The nation must get accustomed to the idea that it is not only right but vitally indispensable for it to jump on a neighbor at any time when it seems expedient. As for the choice of the time, that is the affair for the technicians and military authorities; and here the most important consideration is unexpectedness, the gain of days, even of hours.

Totalitarian war already exists. Just now it is only marking time, but it can move forward at any moment.

"Morally," the capitalistic world is far better prepared for a sudden outbreak of war than it was in August, 1914. The existence of Soviet Russia, the fear of social revolution, the interests of France, England and the United States which demand peace—these are the obstacles that so far have stood in the way of the exponents of "totalitarian war." Will it be for long?

Scraps of paper.—*Arizona Republic, Phoenix*

At any rate, they are not losing any time. In 1914, moral preparedness consisted in establishing the political altruism and absence of aggressive intention of their cause. In 1937 it consists in alluring descriptions of the attractions of the Ukraine, the Urals, Siberia, and the Caucasus. In 1914 espionage, in keeping with its delicate, retiring nature, shunned the lime-light. It was mainly the work of individuals. Now spies are sent abroad practically in battalions, with bands to send them off, as the Danes of Schleswig, adjoining Germany, recently complained. In 1914 all the powers, with one accord, said that they spared the peaceful population. In 1937 some are actually boasting that they will chemically destroy the enemies' rear even quicker than the front.

America's Rat-catcher No. 1

From "Woman's Home Companion"

By Henry F. Pringle

DOWN near the Brooklyn Bridge in New York City is a new ornate courthouse. International attention has been focused upon one of its trial rooms during the past two years. More particularly it has centered on a youthful prosecuting attorney, Thomas E. Dewey, who has been sending racketeers to jail.

Mr. Dewey's official title is special deputy district attorney and he is but thirty-five years old. But among the men he has sent to the penitentiary—thus far there have been sixty-one of them—were some of the most vicious and most dangerous racketeers in a city where extortion and terrorism and political influence make the potential profits enormous. Thus far his record has been perfect. Every criminal he has prosecuted has been convicted.

Previous crusades against crime had caused great uproar and unending headlines. Then a few unimportant criminals had gone to prison for short terms. Their leaders soon emerged from hiding; nothing was changed. This time, unless all signs fail, the cure will be more lasting. The racketeers who are in prison, snarling their hatred of Dewey and his work, testify to that.

"It is my belief," Dewey said when he started in the summer of 1935, "that a talking prosecutor is not a working prosecutor and that a promising prosecutor rarely performs."

So during two years he has neither talked nor made predictions of what he would do. Some of the story can now be told. It is possible to draw from that story some practical hints on how other communities in the United States may similarly bring to justice the racketeers who prey upon businessmen, storekeepers, restaurant proprietors and countless other individuals.

Beginning his work, Dewey appealed to the citizens of New York to come forward and give information regarding the racketeers who were bleeding them.

"Any man who brings testimony to my office," he said, "can be certain that his name, his testimony and his person will receive absolute protection. In no criminal prosecution with which I . . . have

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THE WORLD

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ever been connected has any witness ever been touched either before or after trial. A prosecutor's strongest weapon is complete secrecy and the protection of his witnesses. I will use that weapon to the fullest measure."

But Dewey's appeal for voluntary witnesses fell on deaf ears. Men do not come forward willingly when they are apprehensive that bodily injury or death will follow their testimony. At best, they are afraid further extortions will be levied against them in revenge.

Gradually, however, often stammering with terror, they began to talk. And Dewey made good his promise that no state witness would be harmed.

This type of investigation cannot be made without a generous appropriation.

Constant stream of gold to "the land of the gold-digger" (U.S.A.) is said to represent an economic burden. Uncle Sam: "Help! Where can I find a spot without gold?"—*Kladderadatsch, Berlin*

This fact too must be faced in American cities where indignant citizens plan to emulate New York. In July, as he got under way, Dewey asked and received an initial appropriation of one hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars. The expenses to date have totaled about two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. But this is only a microscopic fraction of the money saved for the people of New York. In truth, the sum is small compared to the regular expenditures which bring little result. The regular district attorney of New York County has a budget exceeding seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars per year, excluding rent and other items, and the five counties in New York City spend almost two million dollars a year.

What Dewey has been doing is to wage war against the rackets which prey upon the honest business man, upon the bewildered private citizen. He has accomplished a great deal. His work is far from ended. Such rackets go on because the average citizen is too busy to worry about honest government.

But this, you may say, is true only of New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and the other large cities of the nation. It cannot apply, you may argue, to the small clean American city of the south or the middle west. Perhaps not. But the experts disagree with you.

BOOKS • HERE AND ABROAD

The Vices of a Pet Deer

From "Outdoor Life"

A PET deer that has not only become domesticated but has adopted the mode of living practiced by his human guardians is Chief, a 265-pound mule deer. Chief was found by a forest ranger when three days old and was presented to Mrs. Verna Cover, who took the little animal to her home in Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Cover nursed the tiny deer through infancy, feeding him with a medicine dropper. As he grew older, Chief moved into the house, becoming, as Mrs. Cover says, one of the family. Now he takes the luxuries and vices of humans in his stride, accepting them as his due.

Chief will eat tobacco from the palm of your hand, chew a burning cigarette down to the spark, and sleep in bed with his pal, Gus, a German shepherd dog. Chief turns on the bedroom light for a midnight snack, rides in elevators, automobiles, and street cars. A strap, thrown loosely over his neck, is necessary to restrain him from galloping down city streets, for this is one of his favorite pastimes.

Chief's friendship with Gus dates from the time the dog drove off a pack of dogs which had attacked the deer. Dog and deer sleep together, tussle on the lawn, and are inseparable companions. Gus permits the deer to go to bed first, then curls up on whatever portion of the sheets is left unoccupied.

Chief has developed an epicurean taste for many delicacies not included in the usual bill of fare for deer. Fresh fruit, eaten directly from the tree, is one of his principal delicacies. But, in addition to this, he delights in eating raisins, graham crackers, cake, peanuts, potato chips, and homemade fudge. He even has acquired a taste for dill pickles and soap. In winter, he drinks warm water and hot chocolate; in summer, lemonade and orange juice.

Americanizing the English

From "The American Mercury"

By H. W. Seaman

THE impact of America on English life and habits is bewildering. Few doubt its force: the only argument is whether it is to be welcomed or resisted.

We consume £2,000,000 worth of chewing gum every year. During a murder trial at the Old Bailey recently, I saw learned counsel on both sides, wigged and gowned, chewing gum all day long. We eat ice-cream all the year round, and, thanks to American example, it is better than the frozen custard we used to eat and almost as good as American ice-cream. True, it is not dispensed in chemists' shops, but we are beginning to call them drugstores, and in time, surely, our druggists will sell newspapers and cameras.

And what did the band play during the Dartmoor riots, while the prison burned? "The Stein Song." What did the band of

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H.M. Royal Marines play to the Coronation crowds at Whitehall? "Pennies From Heaven." At the Coronation naval review at Spithead, the same band played Irving Berlin's "Join the Navy and See the World."

Until ten years ago the only baseball known in England was an English variant, played with a soft ball, which was lobbed or bowled, not pitched. Today we have four baseball leagues, two of them professional, playing the American game. Gates of 10,000 are common, and of 30,000 not unknown. We have the Man-

What has become of the you and me that used to be?
—Arizona Republic, Phoenix

chester Red Sox and the Liverpool Giants. Most of the players are former players of Rugby football, and the fans are deserters from cricket.

Monkey nuts are now called peanuts, and trousers are called pants. Ask for tea at Ye Olde Farme, and you will get canned beans from New Jersey and canned asparagus from California. I have not yet encountered a roadside Lubritorium, but the amusement park on this beach, with pin-tables, dragons' gorges, and death-rides "straight from Coney," is called a Sportarium, and the other day in the ancient town of Spalding in Lincolnshire I found a tea room calling itself a Cafélita.

Every day some new evidence of the Americanization of England hits me in the eye or ear. Our cinemas are full of American talkies and our magazines full of American stories, jokes, pictures. Our popular illustrators fall over one another and themselves in the endeavor to imitate Arno, Steig, Thurber. In my home town, *Readers' Digest* is on sale in shops that do not stock the *New Statesman*. Cartoons from *Esquire* hang beside the dartboard in my local pub. You can now ask for a club sandwich in at least twenty London restaurants without getting a blank stare; though whether what you do get is your idea of a club sandwich is something else again.

Where Is Labor Going?

From "Business Week"

THE intensified labor activities of 1937, which had their beginnings in the division between craft and industrial unionism in the fall of 1935, are to the minds of impartial observers a new story. Although labor unrest at the beginning of a business recovery period is nothing new—is, in fact, regarded as inevitable—there are many elements in the background of the present-day development which are not to be found in previous American business cycles and which combine to present a new and more difficult problem than those which business has dealt with or evaded in the past.

Inescapable are the following evidences of "newness" in the labor problem of 1937:

1. Development of mass-production or "machine-age" methods is more advanced than ever before, and is inherently progressive. Semi-skilled and unskilled labor is doing part of the job formerly entrusted only to skilled hands.

2. A new "fear of depression and hope for security" complex has resulted from the 1929 crash and its dreary aftermath, remaining in the minds of the lower-paid classes of labor and bare-subsistence farmers, even though it may fade from the memory of more fortunate classes.

3. Many former "leaders" in private and public life lost face during the depression; today, a residue of labor distrust remains to the disadvantage of employers generally, no matter how guiltless they may be.

4. Following the world-wide depression, the world-wide trend toward socialization gained momentum. Although America is not patterned after European ways, the examples of certain countries (such as England, Australasia, Scandinavia) are being studied by Americans, and successful handling of industrial disputes abroad is certain to suggest similar treatment here.

5. A new body of labor leaders has risen to power in the United States, keenly alive to the forementioned elements and eager to turn them to economic and political use.

6. At Washington sits the nearest thing to a labor government that this country has ever had, whose election, whose persuasive proclamation of a "new deal," whose political ambitions, and many of whose specific policies and definite actions have encouraged labor to demand more than ever before.

Fundamentally, of course, the demands of labor are the same as they always have been, in so far as these demands relate to hours, wages, and working conditions. But the post-depression psychology is superimposed upon the old base, to such an extent that new approaches and new methods are necessary in meeting the problem.

Must the employer abandon hope of running his own shop?

No. The employer who has the confidence of his men can do more with them than any organizer of unions. In the past two years, the ground has been cut from beneath the "agitator" type of unionizer in many shops where employers, after close study of their employees' hopes and needs, have dealt openly and honestly with them, and have pursued a careful, patient course of education.

That labor must be taught management's problems is becoming increasingly apparent, even as management must learn labor's needs. If labor has been kept in the dark, or if it has been led astray by glib "promisers" from outside the shop, management is largely to blame. The employer who has earned the distrust of labor, or who has neglected his opportunities of "selling" himself to his workmen and has remained a mystery to them, is in a serious predicament when spellbinders arrive with arguments for which the laboring man has been given no real answer.

In the long run, the final decision on the "collective" movement will be rendered by the public, which sooner or later makes its majority voice heard. It thus far has found reason to attach some blame to both management and labor, and to repose some confidence in certain members of both sides. It is in no mood for platitudes or specious reasoning, it has a long memory, and it is quick to

Move over.—*Pasadena Post*

spot evidences of fair dealing on the part of some companies and "covering up" tactics on the part of others. Honesty, then, should pay dividends.

In the opinion of sideline watchers, the present labor movement is one sign of a tremendous majority sentiment which may make itself felt in other ways. Employers who realize the trend, and who are taking a hand in the game themselves, who are sitting down to talk things out

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frankly and honestly with labor, are themselves a part of this majority sentiment. And, in the main, they are optimistic in their report, that "it will all come out all right."

Famous Twongue Tisters

From the London "Observer"

By A. L. Humphreys

BENJAMIN JOWETT, the famous Master of Balliol, was always entertained by "Spoonerisms," and it is asserted that he helped to perpetuate a few.

The earliest attributed to the Rev. W. A. Spooner, Warden of New College, Oxford, was uttered on the occasion when he wished to give out the hymn "Conquering Kings Their Titles Take," but this proved too much, and he achieved "Tinkering Tongs Their Kitles Kake." Nervously noting his error, he endeavoured, though vainly, to improve upon it by "Kinkering Kongs Their Titles Take."

At a luncheon, pointing to some pink jelly, he asked his neighbour if he liked this "stink puff." Spooner was fond of dwelling on a text which he quoted as "many are called but chew are fosen," and ended up with "Be ye, therefore, of the fosen chew." The doctor was alleged to have said that he was tired of addressing "beery wenches," and that he was going off by the "town drain."

On other occasions he said he understood that it was "kistomary to cuss the bride," and he referred to Queen Victoria as the "queer old dean." One Sunday, when he was not himself preaching, he was surprised at finding someone occupying his pew in chapel, and, addressing him sternly, asked, "Are you aware, sir, that you are occupewing my pie?"

Returning tired from a walk he observed, "I must have walked quite ten miles as the fly crows."

National deformation: "You do not feel well?" "No. The macaroni is making an obstruction in my committee of non-indigestion."—*Le Canard Enchaîné, Paris*

War Toys and War

From "Your Child Faces War"

By Nelson Antrim Crawford

AN important factor in promoting constructiveness on the part of the child is to be found in his toys and games. We have generally assumed that children have a deep-seated desire, even an instinct, to play with guns, cannons, tin soldiers, miniature forts, and other military paraphernalia. However, an exhibition of children's paintings held recently in New York City—for which boys and girls, aged from five to thirteen years, chose their own subject matter—showed a striking absence of military scenes. If there were an instinctive preference for the warlike, it would not have been eradicated and would appear in painting, which reflects the unconscious to a decided degree.

Is it not probable that the supposed popularity of military toys among children has been due to the vast number of such toys on the market, many of them imported from Europe, where war is in everybody's thoughts? Toy manufacture has grown materially in the United States in recent years, especially in toys of a more constructive type—building and machinery—which are much more characteristic of American life. Of fifty thousand toys displayed at the 1936 American Toy Fair, less than one per cent dealt with war.

There is no question that military toys and games not only encourage aggressive instincts but tend to make the child think of war as a normal event. Constructive toys and games, on the other hand, tend to cause the child to exemplify in his own life the progress of civilization, which consists simply in becoming an intelligent human being in spite of being by nature an aggressive animal.

Children, it should be remembered, are imitative. As soon as your child begins to play with other children, he will want to do what they do. He cannot stand being in a minority—especially a minority of one. If a majority of the children play with toy cannons, machine guns and other military paraphernalia, he will insist on doing so.

This fact complicates the problem of many a parent. It will hardly do to forbid a child from playing as other children do. A suggestion that it would be so much better to play at bringing happiness to others than destruction and sorrow is preferable, but still is not likely to be efficacious against the psychology of the gang.

The best possible thing to do is for mothers to organize by neighborhood groups and resolve together to give their children no toys suggesting war or killing. Practically all mothers are willing to do this.

Plenty of toys, games, and other articles of amusement embodying noise, excitement and maneuver are available for children who seek these qualities and often find them in warlike play: for example, musical instruments, toy fire engines, checkers. (Coward-McCann, Inc. $1.25).

Chinese Beauty Culture

From "400 Million Customers"

By Carl Crow

MY advertising agency in Shanghai placed the first lip-stick and vanishing cream advertising in Chinese papers about fifteen years ago, and since that time the advertising of cosmetics has been an important part of our business. We placed the first big toilet soap campaign about the same time.

Just being a "Good Neighbor"
—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*

Thanks to our efforts and the liberal advertising appropriations of our clients, a good many Chinese girls have been taught to put on vanishing cream as a base for powder and rouge and to use cold cream at night, rubbing it into the pores of the skin. We advise them that after a liberal use of soap the face should be washed with cold water. The only reason that we have not told them about "cosmetic skin" is because it is impossible to translate that term into Chinese.

We induced all the Chinese moving-picture stars to use the toilet soap we advertised, and they write us discreet but convincing testimonials which form the principal part of our advertising copy. We picture one Hollywood and one Chinese star together, but we devote more space to the Chinese star. In our world she is the more important, though the Hollywood star earns more in a week than she does in a year.

It must not be assumed that our first lip-stick and other cosmetic advertisements started Chinese girls on the cos-

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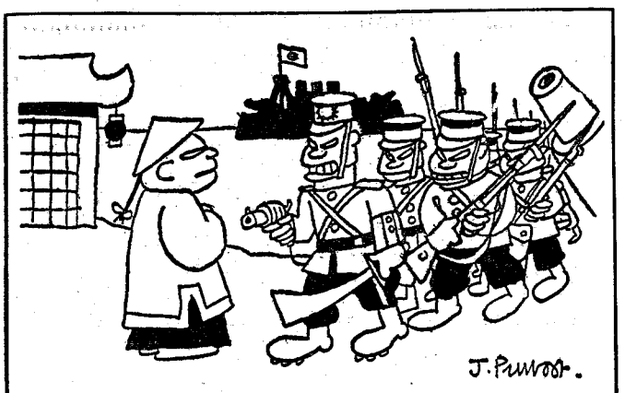

FIRST SPAIN, NOW CHINA—"Good morning! We wish to discuss the withdrawal of volunteers."—*Le Canard Enchaîné, Paris*

metic road to beauty. Five thousand years ago, according to authentic Chinese history, Chinese girls were plucking useless hairs from their eyebrows and putting rouge on their cheeks. It was probably an ancient custom even then. Dynasties have fallen and the country has been devastated by floods, famines and civil wars, but the cosmetic business has always flourished.

The oldest retail shop I have ever been able to discover in China is an establishment in Hangchow, which was the Chinese equivalent of a beauty shop centuries ago and still does a thriving business in rouge, talcum, and other aids to daintiness and beauty. I once tried to get them to sell some rouge we were advertising, but, after trying out a few samples, they said that they had come to the conclusion that we could offer nothing superior to the brands which were popular in Hangchow when Columbus found a continent blocking his way on his route to China.

The best Chinese customers for lipsticks, rouge, or any other beauty aids are the married women and not the debutantes. Chinese wives discovered many centuries ago that, if they would make themselves attractive enough, their husbands would willingly employ servants to do the cooking and scrubbing. The result is that Chinese women are the most perfectly groomed in the world and, everything considered, enjoy the greatest measure of luxury. (Harper and Brothers, $3.00).

A Responsible Demand

From "The Nation"
By L. M. Birkhead

I HAVE recently sent the following telegram to Dr. Hans Heinrich Dieckhoff, German Ambassador to the United States, in Washington:

Having observed the activities of the Friends of the New Germany in America for some time, I hereby apply for a special visa or permit to go to Germany for an unlimited period of time for the purpose of organizing branches of the Friends of Democracy among German citizens who are still friendly to liberty and the democratic way of life.

Included in this permit I should like also to have the privilege of marching the members of the Friends of Democracy through German Streets and highways, carrying the Stars and Stripes and shouting the slogans of Jeffersonian democracy from the American Declaration of Independence and our Bill of Rights. I should like, moreover, to have it specifically stated in my visa that the Friends of Democracy may set up semi-military camps on German soil and carry on both secret and open propaganda against German Nazism.

On my desk I have stacks of Nazi propaganda received from Nazi individuals, various Nazi propaganda groups, such as Julius Streicher, the Fichte Bund, World Service, the League of Anti-Comintern Associations, the Judenkenner, and others. In return for the privilege thus extended to your Nazi propaganda groups I want you to extend to the American Legion, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and similar patriotic American groups the right to send their propaganda in behalf of liberty and the democratic way of life to Germany and to circulate it there very freely.

Also I pray for the further right to arrange for special short-wave broadcasts to the Friends of Democracy in Germany from America at regular intervals.

Red Industry Confesses

From "Pravda," Moscow
By E. Vinogradova

ON setting the first Stakhanov record of high production in light industry, I was sent last year to an industrial academy in Moscow. I learned this summer that the plant where I set my record was not working well and I decided to spend my vacation there.

On reaching home I went straight to the factory. The girl who took my place at the looms and other weavers made many complaints. I decided to return to work for a few days to see what was actually going on.

As before I took charge of 216 looms. I noticed at once that the woof was of bad quality, with many knots which often broke the thread. Many of the automatic devices that stop the loom when a thread breaks were out of order and should have been replaced long ago. In general, many of the looms had worn parts and needed overhauling.

After work I asked the Chief Engineer why this hadn't been done. He answered that they had no spare parts. No spare parts! How many times I have heard that. Once I even talked about them at the Commissariat of Light Industry itself, and they had promised to do something. They love to make promises at that commissariat, and then they forget about them.

But the trouble is not only in the spare parts. There are many shortcomings in the factory itself. Labor discipline has fallen, and so has productivity. In our section, I don't know why, the apprentice mechanic Kuznetsov is very slack in his work,—evidently there is no pressure from the management. When a loom breaks down during working hours, he looks at it, fiddles a while and goes for a smoke, while the loom remains idle. Looms are constantly breaking down. The weavers do not like these interruptions, but the mechanics do nothing about them.

For weaving, ventilation is very important. The weavers told me that 45,000 roubles had been allotted for that purpose. Ventilation has been installed, but it's more like an attempt at wrecking than a ventilation system. Water drips from it constantly which makes the floor slippery. Weavers have fallen and hurt themselves.

The temperature in the mill is high reaching 98 degrees on hot days. The girls are always thirsty. And yet, the drinking water is often so hot that you can't drink it.

The working women have asked me to write about the matter of supplies. Our country has plenty of products, but the stores in Vichuga do not carry tea, sugar, fish and white bread. The weavers have to travel to Ivanovo for them—a distance of thirty-five miles.

The cultural work is in a bad way. The club and the park attached to the factory are neglected and they are both used for drinking and rowdyism. And yet there are fine people here who should be encouraged by the club administration.

"Deny categorically that we want the Balearic Islands, since we already have them."—*Oeuvre, Paris*

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Since I left, the local party and government organizations have lost interest in the plant. But as soon as I returned a couple of party secretaries came down at once. I told them what I thought was wrong with the work and they promised to help the plant. But whether they will do anything, I don't know.

The factory has fulfilled only 96 per cent of its plan, much of it in defective goods. This is the result of all these shortcomings.

If shortcomings were eliminated at the plant, the plan would be not only fulfilled but exceeded. The workers are anxious to increase production. The rest is up to the directors.

Asleep with Ants

From "Les Annales"

By Dr. Emile Gromier

If anomma ants were the size of mice, life for men and beasts would be impossible in Africa. While working in a zoological station in Kenya I noticed, one morning, a black stream of these ants flowing past my cabin. The stream was no more than two inches wide, but it never seemed to end. Evidently, the anommas were leaving their location for better hunting-grounds.

The workers did the moving. They carried the young, the eggs, the larvae, and their domestic animals, the aphids. Soldiers kept guard on both sides of the stream, ready to grip anything with their pincers, which produce painful bites. When these ants are moving, even large animals give their path a wide berth.

In the evening before going to sleep I looked for the ants again. Their stream was still flowing. I wondered how many millions of them had passed by in twenty-four hours.

In the middle of the night something woke me up. It was a faint but continuous rustling. Gradually coming to consciousness, I realized that this rustling noise was all around me, even overhead. Wide awake now, I began to feel nervous. Suddenly, I grasped the truth. The anommas! They had come into the house and were climbing up my bed, with the mosquito-net the only thing separating them from the helpless prey they hoped to find.

Unable to do anything against the ants in the dark, I waited for daylight, praying that the mosquito-net would hold.

At the first light of day I glanced at the net. From white it had turned black. Thousands of these nasty little beasts had locked their pincers in it, while many others attempted to climb it from below. This made that continuous rustling sound.

With the light, I regained my confidence. I put on my pants and socks, which I kept at the foot of my bed to prevent ticks, snakes and scorpions from getting in, then made a hundred-yard dash for freedom. In spite of my haste, dozens of these ants fastened to my socks and started climbing up my legs. Arrived at a safe spot, I had to pick them off one by one, drawing blood from my skin every time. Then in a few hours, my men with the help of fire forced the anommas away from my cabin.

Strange to say, I was not altogether sorry after the ants' visit. They had swept the camp free from every trace of vermin in an extremely thorough fashion.

DON'T DARE TOUCH A HAIR OF HIS LITTLE HEAD OR I'LL COME OVER THERE AN'—
AMERICANS IN FOREIGN TROUBLE ZONES
IN THE PAST
YOU COME OVER IN YOUR OWN YARD IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET STEPPED ON !
NOW
REG MANNING

CARTOON OF THE WEEK—When the neighbors fight.—*Arizona Republic, Phoenix*

Liners as Warships

From "The Christian Science Monitor"

By Roy L. Pepperburg

The Nieuw Amsterdam, 33,000-ton flagship of the Holland-America Line, sliding down the ways at Rotterdam on April 10, meant more to the world than the launching of another queen of the seas. She is said to be the first major passenger vessel of any nation to enter the water in many a decade that does not hide within her steel hull the makings of a first-class armed cruiser, aircraft carrier, troop transport, hospital ship or naval auxiliary. Say her builders, "She is being built entirely for the comfort of passengers on their peaceful occasions."

Dramatically, the Nieuw Amsterdam points the way to a policy other nations do not choose to follow. The United States and nearly every country of importance regards a new merchant vessel as a possible naval ship. In Washington, as in European official quarters, a watchful naval bureau of design casts an appraising eye over the plans of a proposed vessel, whose builders seek construction subsidies. The naval authorities suggest the inclusion of small details, minor changes in the design to pave the way for conversion of the ship to naval use in time of war. For the cost of including these little details, the government pays outright in addition to the usual construction and operating subsidies.

The four passenger-cargo vessels of the Exochorda class, newest additions to American Export Line's Mediterranean service, are believed to be ideal for instant conversion. They are reputed to have sides so built that light armor can be easily attached.

A number of nations have outstripped

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the United States in the extent to which they have applied the conversion scheme. Airplane catapults have been provided occasionally, as formerly on the Europa. Excessive speed, beyond economical peacetime needs, may be included, as in the new fleet of 19-knot Japanese freighters. A comparison of the profiles of the great 27-to-30-knot super-liners built since 1928 has suggested to many observers that their magnificent sweep of decks, bearing only such non-essential superstructure as may be readily removed, has been planned with an eye to conversion into airplane landing areas.

Lest we forget the important role played by merchant vessels in the World War, Captain Dudley W. Knox, U. S. N., retired, hastens to remind us that Great Britain fitted the Aquitania with six-inch guns and sailed her "forth as an armed cruiser within five days of the declaration of war in 1914." The Carmania—famed for the sinking of the German armed merchant vessel, Cap Trafalgar, in South Atlantic waters—"was at sea as a fully equipped armed cruiser within ten days of the outbreak of hostilities."

Naturally a liner turned into a light cruiser would be no match for a man-of-war. But this fact does not lessen the light cruiser's value for patrol purposes, blockade work, and many other uses. The usefulness of Britain's Tenth Cruiser Squadron, composed of twenty-five armed merchant ships, is engraved in the annals of the last war.

Untrue to Type

From "The American Printer"

By George Herrick

LUCIAN BERNHARD is not only a designer of type and a typographer; he paints magnificent pictures alive with soft colors, he is a sculptor of ability, he is a leader in the modern school of poster art, he decorates interiors, has designed buildings and mausoleums as an architect, and has designed everything industrial from an automobile to a hatbox.

There have been reports that Lucian Bernhard has projected type faces into the future.

"Why," we inquired, "do you suggest the world would be better off without the present alphabet?"

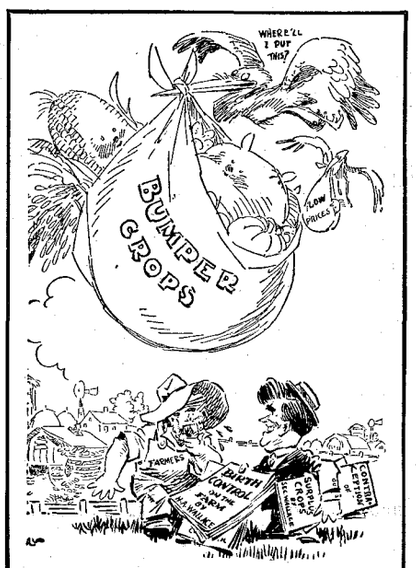
"In the first place," said Mr. Bernhard, "I am not the only type designer who has played with the idea of a different and better alphabet based on phonetic spelling. Twenty-five and even 75 years ago, experiments were made in that direction. The Roman type was suitable for Latin but not necessarily the proper alphabet with which to express English. The best we have done has been to adopt Roman, rather than even adapt it."

"Then you don't feel that the Roman alphabet is worth keeping much longer?"

"I have no quarrel with it as an alphabet," said Mr. Bernhard. "I think it is nearly perfect from an artistic viewpoint, but it is not suited to the English language. The ideal alphabet would have each letter stand for one sound, just as surely as the number '3' always stands for three units, no matter what numbers go before or after it."

"But then are the few variations we have in pronouncing certain letters and syllables so important as to make such a complete change worth while?"

Mr. Bernhard reached for a drawing board. "Look at the simple letter *C*," he said. "In the word *acid* it stands for the *s* sound, but in *chore* it forms the *ch* sound; in *chorus* it is representative of *k*.



A mighty interesting subject right now.—*The Daily Oklahoman*

Then there is the letter *O*, which has the sound of four out of the five vowels in different words. We have the vowel sounds *of a, i, o, u,* in the words *God, women, torn* and *woman.* Finally, there is the combination of *gh* four different ways in words such as *dough, tough, ghost* and *naughty.*"

"What kind of alphabet of the future can you imagine to replace the Roman?"

"It would not be difficult for a type designer to redesign the Roman alphabet to suit the English language," said Mr. Bernhard. "English offers many advantages as a world language, and loss of some uniformity with other tongues would be more than made up for by the ease that foreigners as well as children would have in learning it phonetically."

"Wouldn't a phonetic alphabet also have an advantage in space saving?" the interviewer asked.

"It should save as much as 30 per cent of space and also save time for the compositor and the reader."

"Do you think there is any prospect of such a revolutionary change?"

"I doubt it. There might be a change both by evolution and revolution in the typographic and educational fields. It is unlikely, of course, but such a change could come about like this:

"Shorthand writing and training to read it are now taught to an increasing number of the population by several different systems. With a standard method taught in school every child, simultaneously with our traditional writing and reading with the Roman alphabet, a majority of people would begin to master the new method of expressing the language phonetically. At the same time that this was going on, phonetic type faces, based possibly on the shorthand, would be developed and increasingly used simultaneously with the traditional Roman for a quarter to a half century."

Busy Barons

From "Maclean's Magazine"

By Beverley Baxter

THERE IS something patently stupid about a system of hereditary aristocracy—and there is something magnificent about it. Physiologically and pathologically, it is of course ridiculous to choose automatically the first of the litter. In animal life that would be rightly regarded as a sign of insanity.

Yet I contend that, with all its faults and abuses, the system has worked so far to the good of England. If I had it in my power to destroy it tomorrow, I would hesitate to do so. At least I would want to be convinced that the community had found something to put in its place.

Let us for a moment consider the fourteenth Earl of Derby. This genial and rotund nobleman comes in a direct line, and can number among his ancestors, one or two of the finest gangsters that ever lived.

As soon as the present Lord Derby came of age and before inheriting the title, he said to himself:

"Eddie, my boy, you have no choice. You must become a justice of the peace, you must become a local councillor, you must enter the House of Commons, and you must serve the state without remuneration and without any reward in the way of honors because you cannot be anything bigger than the Earl of Derby.

"In politics you may be promoted to become a Parliamentary private secretary to some commoner, and even if you get to the very top in politics you will have to serve under a 'Mister' because they won't have a peer as a Premier. When you reach the House of Lords you will still be an unpaid servant of the state and when you die, your son will carry on as you have done—because that is the penalty and the glory of high station."

Two sons of Lord Derby are in the Government. Lord Stanley, the elder son, is Under Secretary of State for India. Oliver, the younger brother is now President of the Board of Trade.

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PEOPLE

Emperor of Japan

THE FATE of 66 million Japanese, 30 million Koreans, another 30 million Manchukuans, and now 30 million North Chinese theoretically depends on the 36 years of age, 5 feet 2 inches of height, and 135 pounds of energy which compose Emperor Hirohito. He alone decides how long Japanese troops battle in China; for the Emperor's traditional duty is to carve out an empire and protect his people, realm, and household.

This supreme power comes from the divine message which the "Sun Goddess gave her grandson, the first emperor, on his advent in Japan" about 660 B. C. Thus, "coeval with heaven and earth," frail, bespectacled Hirohito, the 124th emperor in a 2000-year-old, unbroken imperial line, is a law unto himself, divine by nature. The emperor alone is eternal in a land of change. So runs the theory.

In actual practice, Hirohito is a figurehead whose august pronouncements are carefully set to the tune of his ministers beforehand. Yet he can and does set a majestic personal example for his people.

Hirohito symbolizes the change in Japan where western and oriental customs now mix. Like Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado," his "object all sublime" is "to let the punishment fit the crime." Thus, judicious Hirohito seldom allows his subjects to atone for mistakes involving the emperor by committing suicide. He has cut new paths through the forest of tradition. The first emperor to attend theater and travel abroad, Hirahito was also the first to shake hands; to permit jokes to be told in his presence; to enjoy competitive sports; to marry a wife of his own choice. Though himself the grandson of a concubine and the son of Emperor Taisho who died an idiot in 1926, Hirohito refused to have a concubine in the hope that his fourth child would be a male heir. Finally, in 1933, his wife, Empress Nagako, bore a son, and Japan was roused to an orgy of rejoicing. A second son came in 1935.

Hirohito's time is divided between performing elaborate court ritual in the "Yamato Kotoba" or court language (which everyday Japanese can't speak), and, as high priest of the Shinto cult, or state religion, reporting regularly to Shinto spirits and imperial ancestors.

For recreation he enjoys golf, riding, and an occasional seaside dip. His golf scores are a sacred royal mystery. His hobbies are scientific: research into the Mendelian law of heredity and marine zoology. Daily the Emperor is up at six, enjoying a typical American commuter's breakfast with the Empress. From ten till six P. M. he performs official business, reads newspapers, listens to reports, reviews military demonstrations on his snow-white horse, or drives in a procession in his crimson Rolls Royce. After a simple dinner he and the Empress play with their three daughters and two sons. Later the emperor studies biology, or listens to radio bulletins and an occasional baseball game. By eleven he is in bed.

Ad-man to politician

IN the business world, "B.B.D.&O." stands for the highly successful advertising agency of Batton, Barton, Durstine and Osborne, Inc. Largely it stands for Bruce Barton, the tall, sandy-haired, square-jawed, gum-chewing member of the firm. America first sat up for a good look at Barton in 1920 when he and fellow graduates of Amherst College boomed Calvin Coolidge for President. Five years later he was famous not as a President-groomer, but as the author of a popular life of Christ, "The Man Nobody Knows."

Successful as a philosopher and adwriter, Bruce Barton has turned to a new profession—politics. In November he will be Republican candidate for Congress from New York's Seventeenth Congressional district, a chunk of Manhattan which includes the conservative, silk-stockinged portion of Park Avenue and radical, cotton-stockinged (or no-stockinged) Union Square.

Personable, dynamic, a veteran lecturer, he should make a good platform figure. He has kept in trim for years by early-morning horseback-riding in Central Park, and is prepared for the grind of an election campaign. He will be helped, too, by a background extending from work in a Montana railroad construction camp to magazine editing and finally copy-writing. Among other attributes of political value are a fondness for Irish stew and the knack of getting people to call him Bruce almost at first sight.

Thumbnails

FOR a two-year term on the Social Security Board President Roosevelt appoints Miss Mary W. Dewson, director of the women's division of the Democratic National Committee who last January kissed blushing Jim Farley at a party victory dinner. Tall and sprightly, with severely brushed hair and pince nez, "Molly" was formerly a dairy farmer, Red Cross nurse, suffragist, welfare worker, president of New York State Consumers' League, and a framer of the Social Security Act.

• •

BORN with teeth; conversed in polysyllables when 1; wrote magazine articles and poems at 5; published "Jingles," her first of twenty-four books, at 9; wrote Mother Goose in Esperanto at 10; spoke nine languages at 12; the youngest person ever listed in "Who's Who in America" at 16. Last week at 35, veteran of three unhappy marriages and her whereabouts unknown, Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr., Pittsburgh child prodigy of a generation ago, was located by newspaper advertisements to share in her grandfather's estate.

Died

BARON STRATHCARRON, 57, Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1919-20; Under-Secretary for War under Lloyd George.

Cyril McNeile, 48, who under the pen name of "Sapper" created Bulldog Drummond, popular hero of post-war fiction.

Dr. Judson Daland, 77, brain surgeon, professor emeritus of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

Edwin Doak Mead, 87, author, lecturer and peace worker and a former director of the World Peace Foundation.

WIDE WORLD

JAPAN'S MIKADO dressed in coronation robes. Subjects cry "Long live our Emperor till pebbles into huge rocks grow!"

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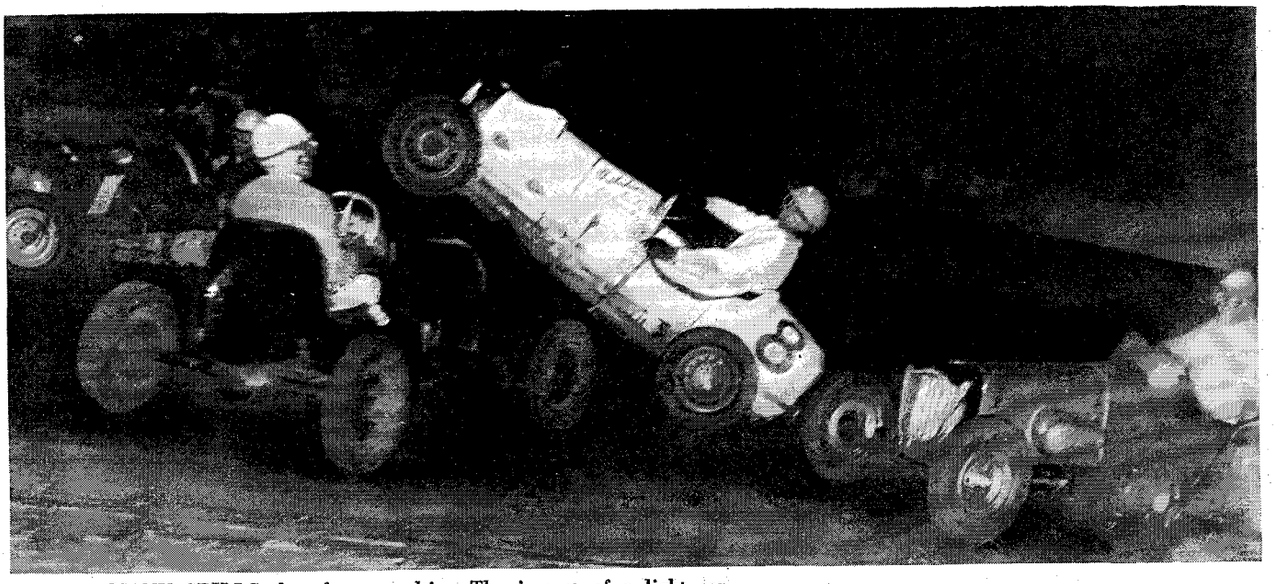

MANY SPILLS, but few casualties. The impact of a light car, equipped with a powerful handbrake, is comparatively slight

SPORTS

Midget auto racing

A HALF DOZEN years ago midget racing was unlisted on the sports calendar. Today it competes with big car racing. Statistics tell the story. Upwards of 125,000 people attend midget auto races from coast to coast each week. The national weekly "gate" is about $50,000 and the purses paid average $20,000.

This sport of racing midget cars began in 1932, when a few mechanics and drivers thought of cutting down stock automobiles as a pastime. They shortened the wheel base and narrowed the tread. The next step naturally was to race your car against the other fellow's.

At first the midgets used motorcycle motors. Then a boy of 18, Bill Betteridge, fresh from high school, thought he would build a midget. His dad, who operated a garage, had traded a paint job for several pieces of metal which once had been a miniature car built for road use. From his outboard motorboat Betteridge recruited a motor, being the first person to install an outboard motor in a midget car. He staged the first exhibit of small cars in May, 1933, at Denver.

In August of the same year Dominick Distarce got together eight midgets and put on the first midget auto race, in the Loyola Stadium at Los Angeles. Today there are perhaps twenty-five tracks operating on a weekly basis. Best known are those at Sioux City, Ia., Detroit, Mich., Latonia, Ky., New Haven, Conn., Freeport, N. Y., Camden, N. J., and Frankford, Pa. Eastern tracks have become the center of midget auto racing.

Most of the drivers have come from the big car professional ranks. The possibility of making $300 a night is attractive. To them midget racing is no longer a pastime but bread and butter with a little champagne and caviar on the side.

Practically all the cars are built by their owners and their drivers, who then share the purse. If a car has a commendable record, the owner will get 60 per cent and the driver 40. Otherwise an added inducement for the driver is necessary and the purse may be divided evenly. Few ace drivers own their own cars; they are the counterpart of jockeys, hired by a sponsor to race his car.

The best cars can attain 100 miles per hour on a straightaway track, with an average of 50 for a track that is never more than one-quarter of a mile around. Short-track racing gives the spectator a bird's-eye view of the whole race—and adds to the thrills.

Most popular type of motor is the English 2-cylinder J.A.P., a motorcycle motor. Another favorite is the Offenhauser midget motor, whose designer has built many cars for the Indianapolis races. He sells the motor for $1,475, and the complete car for $3,000, the finest thing in midgets today. Most cars, of course, are still built by the mechanics of the sponsor. Floyd Dreyer is the one man who will sell a custom-built midget.

Drivers usually are big-car men who have turned to the new and lucrative field. A few had their start in the midgets, an instance being Duke Nalon, of Chicago, who races on the eastern seaboard.

Other outstanding drivers are George Souders, who won the Indianapolis 500-mile race in 1927; Frank Busco, 300-mile champion in 1934; Johnny Sawyer and Jimmy Snyder, both of whom made their marks with big cars; Ernie Gesell, a college boy who stepped straight into racing and has never done anything else; and Bill Schindler. Schindler usually is to be found in the big money on eastern tracks despite the fact that he has only one leg. Driving a big car at the Mineola Fairgrounds last October, he went through a fence, lost his right leg by amputation, but came back to establish himself as a leading contender in eastern midget racing. Since a hand brake is used, and there is no clutch, a man can get along with only one leg.

Leading promoter on the east coast is Bill Heiserman, a former motorcycle champion, with seven tracks in his circuit. He introduced midget racing in the east in December, 1933, at the New York Coliseum. Audiences were not interested. But Bill knew that he had something, and next year took his midgets to the Municipal Stadium at Freeport, a Long Island suburb of the metropolis. Only $266 was taken in the opening night. It was eighteen weeks before the thing really clicked. He is now playing to 7,500 people at Freeport twice a week. Recently he paid $1,927 in purses on a single night.

HARRY BODE PHOTO

BILL SCHINDLER demonstrates that you can win with one leg gone

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SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

Two weeks in a mosquito

As the season for malaria draws to a close in the sixteen states of the South and Southwest where it is a problem—a billion-dollar problem—the morbidity remains amazingly high; especially for a nation as advanced as ours in culture, public-health science, and wealth. In Panama, Gorgas and LePrince demonstrated to the world that malaria is 100 per cent eradicable wherever a community is willing to put forth little enough energy and little enough money.

True, in many states, such as New York and New Jersey, where malaria was once a prominent factor in public health, this disease has been eliminated. True, malaria control is often seemingly expensive in view of the smaller population protected by measures that may cost major operations upon swampy or pond-studded areas great in extent. Yet the point remains: What price a human life, what price the physical energy of a community? And, here as with any widespread malady, it is impossible to deny that the dictates of kindly humanity are the dictates of intelligent economics.

Today syphilis is in the news, and at last adequately so. But malaria, a disease never spoken of in whispers save by afflicted communities seeking immigration of industries, does not receive adequate publicity. Certainly a disease demands more attention when new tens of thousands are stricken each year, where millions carry the germ year in and year out, where the total economic loss mounts annually into the hundreds of millions of dollars—and annually represents a cost about equal to that of total eradication, once and for all.

The malarial parasite dwells within the bodies of both men and that species of mosquito termed anopheles. The parasite, once introduced into an individual, bursts the red blood-cells, freeing toxins that induce chills and fever. At dusk, or in the full dark, along flies a female anopheles. Through her proboscis she sucks in human blood, needed for maturing her eggs. In with the blood goes the germ-animalcule, subsequently to develop and multiply within the stomach-walls of the now infected insect—unhappily unharmed by this parasite.

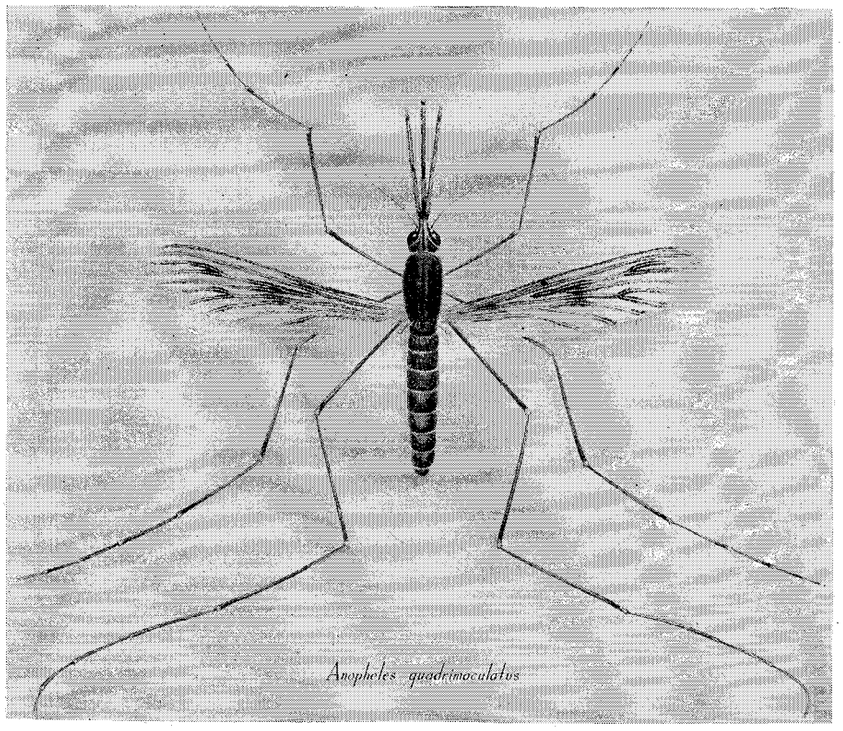
After about two weeks, the tiniest of thread-like worms of the malaria *plasmodia* are discoverable lurking in the salivary glands of their host. Once again, the winged vector goes after human blood, then loosing a tiny bit of saliva together with slithering worms into the human circulatory system. A new victim has been gained, and the cycle completed.

It is notable that anopheles is a weak flier, rarely covering more than a mile, or a mile and a half, from the pond where her parent laid eggs that hatched into wriggling larvae. These larvae are voracious feeders, may be readily poisoned. They must breathe air, may be readily suffocated with oil. Or they may be killed by drainage, that also prevents further breeding.

Hence a community needs but to take account of ponds, lakes, and swamps—and lazy streams—within a distance of about a mile and a half. Full protection may so be gained, and not too expensively.

Still, malaria's morbidity, though this year falling somewhat, is more than 100 per cent greater in several states than during the period 1920-1930.

PHOTO COURTESY UNITED STATES PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE



FEMALE VILLAIN, *Anopheles quadrimoculatus*, carries deadly malarial parasite, spreads disease. She stands on her head when biting

Suicide, white and yellow

Nearly 20,000 persons annually kill themselves in the United States. But our suicide rate has been dropping since 1932, American economy's glummest year. Statistics are showing the continuance of this decrease through 1937. In 1928 our national rate stood at about 13½ suicides per 100,000 of population. During the four succeeding years the incidence crept steadily upward until in 1932 it was about 17½. Indications are that the rate is now about 14, perhaps slightly less. Should economic conditions continue to improve, the incidence will drop farther. It is an accepted fact that business wane swells the number of self-killers.

Additional evidence has just come from Japan, where the suicide rate (always more than twice that of the United States) has been going up as Japanese economy has continued strained. Yet one can safely prophecy that war among the yellow men will slow suicide to a minimum—just as the World War influenced men of all nations. The excitement of world events, during and immediately subsequent to the War, drew people more and more outside their inner selves, till the suicide rate of this country was at 10 per 100,000 in 1920.

Suicide represents peculiar varieties of instability. Devoutly Catholic countries like Ireland and Spain have the lowest incidence. Germanic populations show the highest, some 25 to 30 per 100,000. Urban suicides are more frequent than rural. Negroes almost never think of self-murder —for all their high homicide rate. For mysterious reasons, San Diego holds the record for the highest suicide mortality of American cities.

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MOVIE of the WEEK

Dead End

SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S smash stage success has reached the screen as Sam Goldwyn's newest bid for immortality. Towering obstacles faced the scenarist and director of this bold, unblushing drama. To Lillian Hellman, who wrote *The Children's Hour* and adapted it for the screen as *These Three,* went the job of turning *Dead End* into a movie. To William Wyler, director of *These Three* and *Dodsworth,* fell the task of filming the exposé of New York slum life.

Miss Hellman and Mr. Wyler had to force into the Haysian mold a stark account of the filth, foul language, cruelty, crime, prostitution, syphilis, and crushing despair bred by tenements. That they managed to have anything left by the time Mr. Hays approved is amazing. Had they refused to inject the saccharine and false modesty which innumerable Legions of Decency force on Hollywood, we'd have had no *Dead End.*

Yet for me the punch is missing. I saw the Norman Bel Geddes stage production. I was one of the thousands who left the theatre fighting mad, sleeves rolled to go into action for the slum kids who live in the shadow of luxurious skyscrapers and become gangsters in self-preservation.

The film duplicates its parent in background and plot. Details and characters are the same except where they are idealized out of deference to censors and the film public's eternal demand for superhuman heroes. Movie fans refuse to let their idols be ordinary mortals so Dave, a cripple in the play, is now the strong man who kills Baby Face Martin, the gangster. Originally that task fell rather more plausibly to the G-Men.

One cannot help sorrowing that an intangible loss keeps *Dead End* at the level of one of the best when it might have soared to the height of the great. Can it be that enforced celluloid modesty is the root of the trouble? The play inspired thousands of voluntary contributions to Boys' Clubs all over the country. It actively interested hundreds of people in slum clearance. Will the emasculated cinema offspring do likewise?

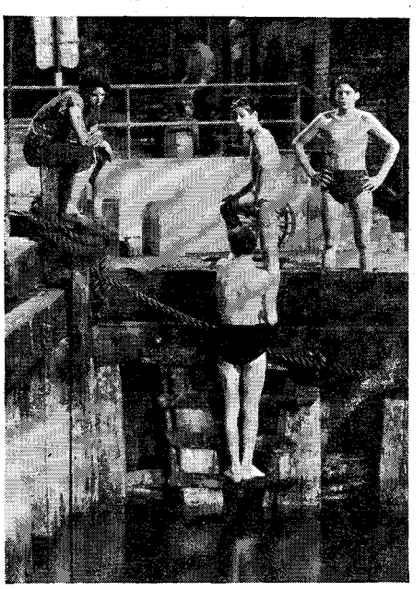
The five New York tenement kids, imported for the occasion from the original production and their slum homes, are far and away the most authentic, unabashed notes in the cast. Tommy, Dippy, Angel, Spit, and T. B. have the feel of it in their blood. Tommy, the gang leader, is a swell guy, but is already learning tricks from Baby Face Martin, Public Enemy Number One, who returns home incognito to see his mother and girl.

Toned down until they lose even more punch than the kids' scenes are Baby Face's meetings with the two women. Prettified is the horrible scene of a mother shrinking with self-hatred from the loathsome murderer she brought into the world. Sweetened is that same murderer's encounter with his girl, Francey. Seeking the only clean memory of his life, his childhood romance, he is maniacally shocked to find a wreck ravaged with disease. In the film both episodes are etched with Victorian delicacy.

Outside of the kids, their hilarious games, their mean tricks, and their misguided, though often fine sense of honor, the relation of Dave with Drina is the strongest note in the film. Drina, Tommy's sister, has always tried to show her brother the futility of being a kids' gang leader. When Tommy stabs an influential citizen, Dave sacrifices Kay, his dream girl, to help Drina save her brother from the reformatory—the place where wayward slum kids learn to be criminals. They go out of the film together, pathetically confident that they can rescue Tommy and carve happiness for each other. In that brief moment, the last of a series of stunning climaxes, the light of *Dead End* shines full strength.

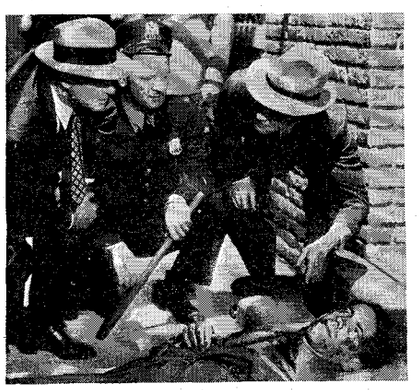
William Wyler has interwoven this cross section of a New York slum with incredible smoothness. Through the whole he has spun an atmosphere of nervousness, a restless quality born of the tragedy which always lurks over squalor.

First acting honors, of course, go to the five kids. Running them a close second, in spite of the restrictions imposed on them, are Sylvia Sidney as Drina, Joel McCrea as Dave, Humphrey Bogart as Baby Face, Wendy Barrie as Kay, Claire Trevor as Francey, and Marjorie Main as Baby Face's mother.—*Donita Ferguson.*



1. SWIMMIN' HOLE for "Dead End" slum kids is the treacherous East River

2. KID BROTHER'S penknife stabbing distresses Sylvia Sidney



3. PUBLIC ENEMY comes to no good end at hands of Joel McCrea

ALSO—

It's All Yours (Columbia)—Comedy. Screwy and screaming antics by a secretary out for her boss's giddy nephew. She inherits $4,000,000, he $1. Girl gets boy aided by the dangerous and delirious intrusion of mad Mischa Auer as the fortune hunter. Madeleine Carroll and Francis Lederer.

Gangway (Gaumont-British)—Musical melodrama. Jessie Matthews, England's pet song-and-dance girl, traps international jewel robberess.

Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)—J. P. Marquand's mystery hero. The amazing Peter Lorre bogged down by a thoroughly inept scenario.

Kliou, The Killer—Technicolor jungle film. Marquis Henri de la Falaise (Mr. Constance Bennett) photographed Indo-China.

Song of Ceylon—Documentary. First prize winner at the Brussels Exposition for Cinematographic Art, it paints an artistic portrait of a beautiful country and its stylized people.

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BUSINESS

Business forecast

FOR BUSINESS men the summer months usually provide a period of slackening activity. Yet contrary to expectations, this summer (at least until the beginning of August) showed no let-down. Practically all lines of production and trade operated at levels higher than last year. So says Col. Leonard Porter Ayres, respected economist and vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company.

Surveying the future, the economist forecasts: "It now seems probable that the volume of business activity will hold up well during the remaining months of the year, and that most of the important business indexes will show totals for 1937 well above those of 1936 . . . The agricultural outlook remains favorable. Farm prices have risen until they are now almost at their pre-war parity with the prices of non-agricultural products. There is good prospect that most agricultural yields will be large this year, so that farmers are looking forward to the pleasant probability that 1937 will prove to be a year of good crops marketed at good prices."

As for the state of business nerves, the Colonel remarks: "Business sentiment has become much more optimistic as a result of developments in Washington, the recent decreases in labor difficulties, and the advances that have been under way during the past weeks in the security markets. One fundamental element in the business situation . . . much less favorable . . . is the fact that the flow of new funds into business enterprises is not increasing in proportion to the expansion of production and trade. Sales of new corporation securities have been running so far this year at rates not much over one-third of the average maintained in the ten years just before the depression."

Druggists turn to drugs

SHOULD you suffer from tapeworm, you might rid yourself of the pesky organism by use of the Myers Tapeworm Trap. A small metal affair about the size of a capsule, the trap should be baited with a nutritious substance, and swallowed. When the tapeworm sees the "bait," he pokes his head through a window in the trap and is snared by a row of teeth fixed to a spring. A firm yank of the cord attached to the trap will bring the worm up out of your system.

It is an eighty-three-year-old device, one of many early pharmaceutical inventions described by Dr. Charles Whitebread, asssistant curator of the division of medicine of the United States National Museum, before the American Pharmaceutical Association's annual convention a fortnight ago in New York's Hotel Pennsylvania.

Amused at this recital of early American lore concerning its craft, the American Pharmaceutical Association is nevertheless much more interested in the future. Hence it is setting up a research laboratory in the Institute of Pharmacy at Washington, to standardize and improve the quality of drugs (formerly the worry of drug manufacturers and pharmacy colleges, but not of druggists), and to make them more palatable as well.

One of the jobs of the new laboratory will be currently to revise the National Formulary (one of the two standard prescription manuals) formerly revised but once every ten years.

The old-time drug store is on its way back. Of the 54,000 pharmacies scattered through the country, fully 10 per cent of them (twice as many as five years ago) have eschewed selling sandwiches, sodas, and sundries, instead are concentrating on prescriptions, pills, and patent medicines.

Reason for the change is not alone professional ethics, rather that an increasing number of the 110,000 druggists who compound our 165,000,000 prescriptions yearly realize that the stability of their business lies in sticking to medicines and drugs, which form a good half of their income. Thus they will stay away from the thousand-and-one other products sold by department stores and super-markets as well as drug stores, which require exceptional retail skill to handle at a profit.

Unemployment goes down

ALTHOUGH the number of people unemployed remains an unknown quantity—estimates range from 5,000,000 to 11,000,000—the number of people seeking jobs through the U. S. Employment Service is down to the lowest figure since the bureau was established.

At the end of July, less than 5,000,000 job-seekers were registered with Uncle Sam's employment agency. This compares with 6,800,000 in July, 1936, and 7,600,000 in July 1935.

Measured in terms of registrations with the bureau, gains in reëmployment range from 0.2 per cent in South Atlantic States to 5.4 per cent in Mountain States. East North Central States were the only section to show a gain in unemployed registrants, 1 per cent over a year ago.

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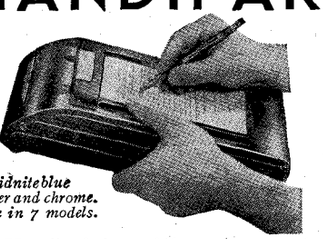

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The Spice of Life

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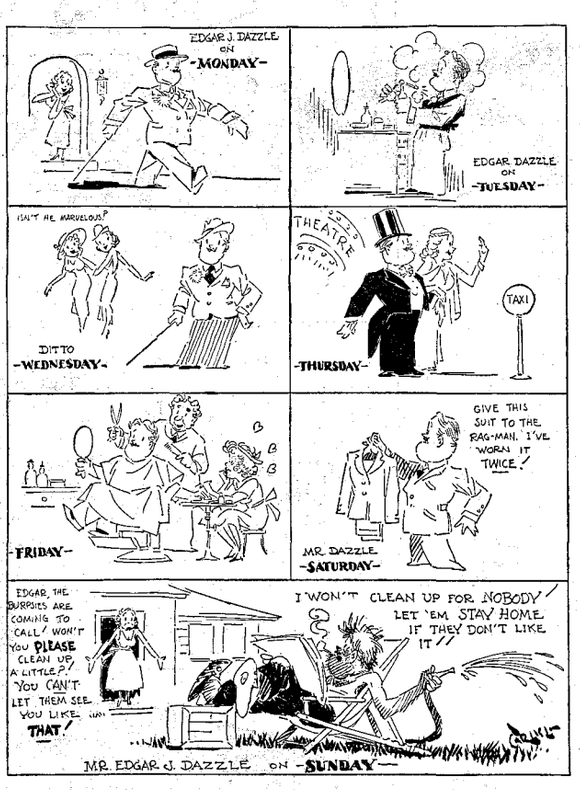
EDGAR J. DAZZLE ON -MONDAY-
EDGAR DAZZLE ON -TUESDAY-
ISN'T HE MARVELOUS?
DITTO -WEDNESDAY-
THEATRE
TAXI
-THURSDAY-
-FRIDAY-
GIVE THIS SUIT TO THE RAG-MAN. I'VE WORN IT TWICE.
MR. DAZZLE -SATURDAY-
EDGAR, THE BURPISES ARE COMING TO CALL. WON'T YOU PLEASE CLEAN UP A LITTLE? YOU CAN'T LET THEM SEE YOU LIKE THAT!
I WON'T CLEAN UP FOR NOBODY! LET 'EM STAY HOME IF THEY DON'T LIKE IT!
MR. EDGAR J. DAZZLE ON -SUNDAY-

Civilization is only skin deep.—*Des Moines Register*

Modern Youth—*Teacher*: "Jimmie, what's a peninsula?"

Jimmie: "A rubber neck."

Teacher: "No. It's a neck running out to sea."

Jimmie: "That's a rubber neck, isn't it?"—*Columbia Jester.*

Reserved—"Is this the Salvation Army?"

"Yes."

"Do you save bad women?"

"Yes.

"Well, save me a couple for Saturday night."—*West Point Pointer.*

Tie That!—*Inquiring Schoolboy:* "Daddy, what effect does the moon have on the tide?"

Dad (from the depths of his newspaper): "Not any, son. Only on the untied."—*Drexel Drexerd.*

In Defense—*Judge:* "You admit that you drove over this man with a loaded truck. Well, what have you to say in defense?"

Defendant: "I didn't know it was loaded."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Fickle—A little girl, sitting in church watching a wedding, suddenly exclaimed:

"Mummy, has the lady changed her mind?"

"What do you mean?" the mother asked.

"Why," replied the child, "she went up the aisle with one man and came back with another."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Can You Beat It?—*Champ*: "What's my temperature, Doc?"

Doc: "Hundred and three."

Champ: "What's the world's record?"

Prodigy—*Mother*: "Do you know what happens to little boys who tell lies?"

Johnny: "Yes, mother; they travel for half-fare."—*Neal O'Hara in New York Post.*

Predicament—The jealous husband spied his wife dancing with too much abandon. He glided up to her on the dance floor.

"Everybody's staring at you, Jane," he whispered. "You'd better tell your partner not to dance so close to you."

"You'd better tell him, honey," answered the wife. "I don't even know the guy."—*Mark Hellinger in New York Mirror.*

Short Cut—*Mechanics Professor*: "Name a great time-saver."

Sophomore: "Love at first sight."—*Boston Transcript.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

Hamilton Fish: "I shall urge that the Republican party be freed from the strangle-hold of its reactionary, antiquated, and discredited leaders."

Quincy Howe: "The Morgans have had one supreme test of American patriotism: the citizen's willingness to die for King and Country."

Emil Ludwig: "My hero is the elephant. He is the strongest, shrewdest, most generous of all animals."

Henry Ford: "If you eat right, sleep right, work right, the passing of the years makes little impression on your feelings."

Vladimir Pestov: "I am much too much interested in sex to be a nudist."

Arnold Lunn: "Communism is the scourge which God permits as a punishment for slack Catholicism."

Mississippi's Rep. Rankin: "I cannot withhold my protest until the streets of southern towns are stained with the blood of innocent people as a result of the activities of these irresponsible representatives of the so-and-so Labor Relations Board."

Feminine logic: "Selfish as usual. You have insured your own life instead of mine."—*Il Travaso, Rome*

Mark Sullivan: "'A nation one-third ill-housed, ill-fed, ill-clad.' That phrase, as Mr. Roosevelt uses it, is partly bunk."

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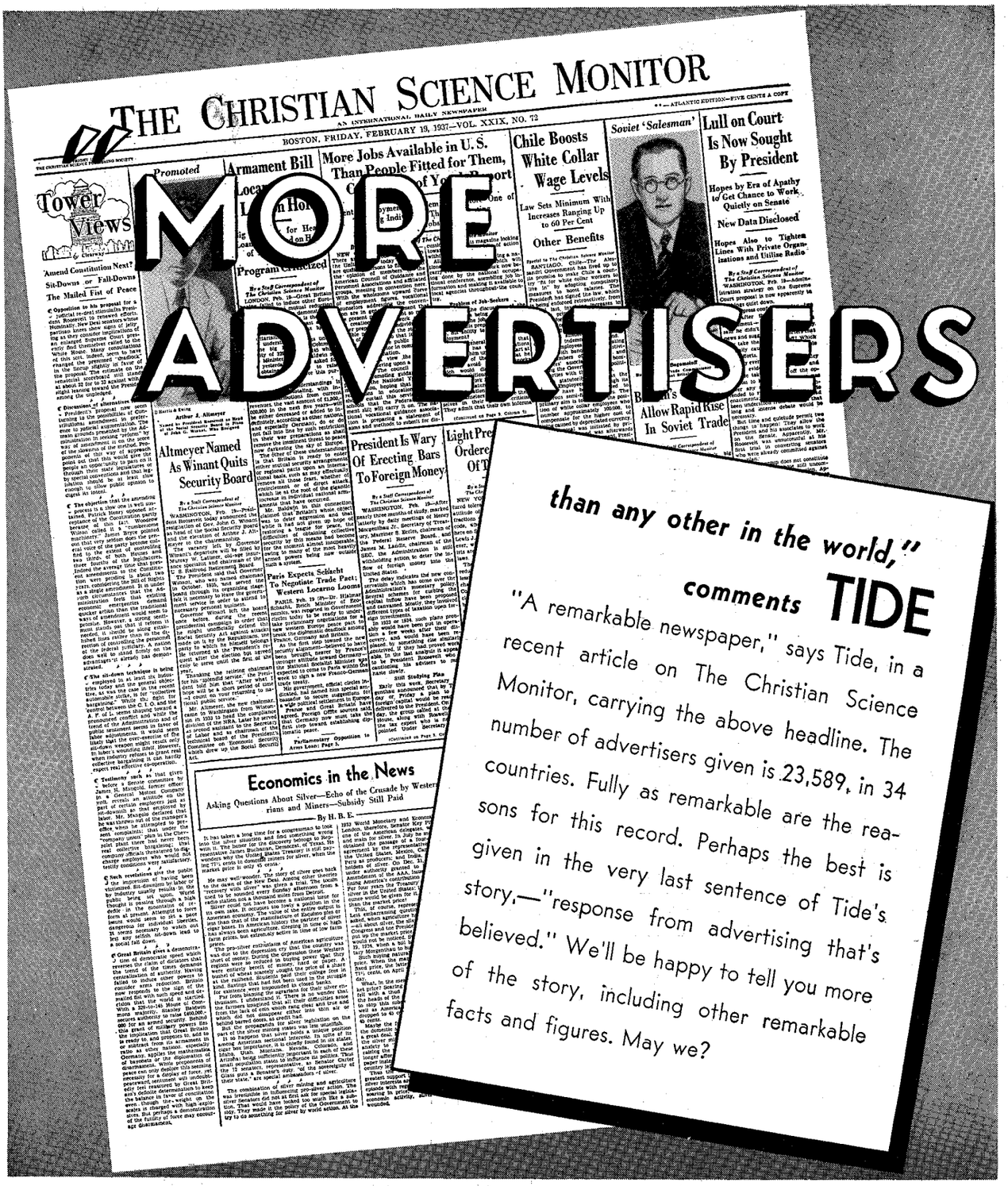
THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
AN INTERNATIONAL DAILY NEWSPAPER
BOSTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1937—VOL. XXIX, NO. 72
Tower Views
Armament Bill
More Jobs Available in U.S. Than People Fitted for Them,
Chile Boosts White Collar Wage Levels
Law Sets Minimum With Increases Ranging Up to 60 Per Cent
Other Benefits
Soviet 'Salesman'
Lull on Court Is Now Sought By President
Hopes by Era of Apathy to Get Chance to Work Quietly on Senate
New Data Disclosed
Hopes Also to Tighten Lines With Private Organizations and Utilize Radio
Altmeyer Named As Winant Quits Security Board
President Is Wary Of Erecting Bars To Foreign Money
Paris Expects Schacht To Negotiate Trade Pact; Western Locarno Looms
Economics in the News
Asking Questions About Silver—Echo of the Crusade by Western Miners—Subsidy Still Paid
By H. B. E.
Allow Rapid Rise In Soviet Trade
MORE ADVERTISERS
than any other in the world," comments TIDE
"A remarkable newspaper," says Tide, in a recent article on The Christian Science Monitor, carrying the above headline. The number of advertisers given is 23,589, in 34 countries. Fully as remarkable are the reasons for this record. Perhaps the best is given in the very last sentence of Tide's story,—"response from advertising that's believed." We'll be happy to tell you more of the story, including other remarkable facts and figures. May we?

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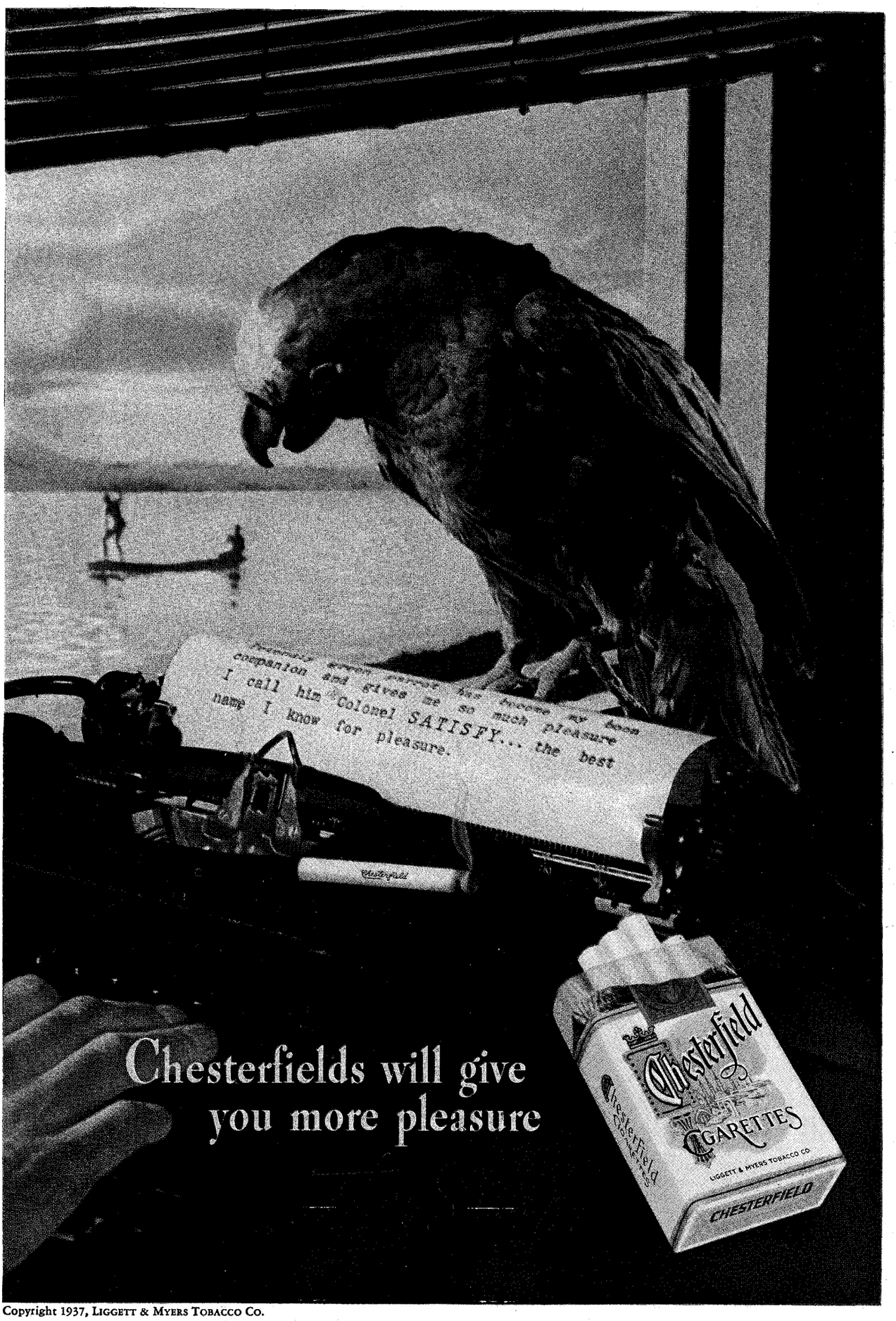

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